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**"Within a lodge of broken bark
The tender Babe was found."**

From the first Canadian Christmas Carol, "Jesous Ahatonhia," by Father Jean de Brébeuf, English interpretation by J. E. Middleton. This drawing and that of Father Brébeuf at the top of page 251, by Stanley F. Turner, are reproduced by permission of the publishers of the booklet, Rous and Mann of Toronto.



The Indian Village of Lorette. From an engraving by W. H. Bartlett, about the middle of the last century. The Great Serpent was supposed to have dug the canyon when moving out, down the river.

The Tree of Dreams

A Christmas Legend of Notre-Dame de Lorette

By MARIUS BARBEAU

TWO Huron Indians were tramping the trail together, at night, once long ago, from the heights of Quebec down into the valley of the St. Charles. Soft fresh snow covered the ground, as they headed northwards to their new village of Lorette, in the hills opposite.

Otsatut, one of them, was young and nimble, yet swaying under the weight of his own head; it was clouded with the fumes of firewater. The other, Hurukay, was old and tired, but his soul was radiant as the stars that shone brightly in the benighted sky.

"Not so fast, Otsatut," pleaded the old man, out of breath. "You forget my age."

"I must run," answered Otsatut, "else I fall down. Have some firewater, like me! It will revive you."

—"Curse the spirit of evil! This is Christmas night, when the Child was born."

—"What is the use, if you are too late for the Midnight Mass?"

—"The Virgin knows my burden. She will help me on my way."

—"Your burden, hum!" Otsatut giggled, "just a chunk of wood!"

—"A chunk of wood, how rash of you!" Hurukay protested, fondling the bundle in his arms. "It is a little child, the image of the Redeemer! The wood carver just finished it, for the manger at our new shrine."

—"Then let the Virgin take care of you!"

And he ran away with his jug of firewater towards the village, where his friends awaited his return.

The old Indian, exhausted, sat down at the foot of a tall elm tree. As soon as he recovered his breath, he began to sing a Christmas carol. It was

Jesous ahatonhia

(*Jesus is born in the manger*)

which he had learnt when a boy from the missionary, Jean de Brébeuf, since a martyr.

So tired was he that before he had finished singing the carol to the small wooden child unwrapped in his arms, he fell asleep.

A young woman appeared to him, out of the air. She was beautiful as a dream—a vision of Heaven: dressed as a fine lady of the Quebec court, with a long skirt, white like lilies and trimmed with gold. Her smile to him was red as ripe berries, and her eyes, like stars. She was so alluring that he crossed himself, fearful lest it be a temptation in disguise.

—"Hurukay," she said, "I love you!" Her words were like the song of birds, in springtime.

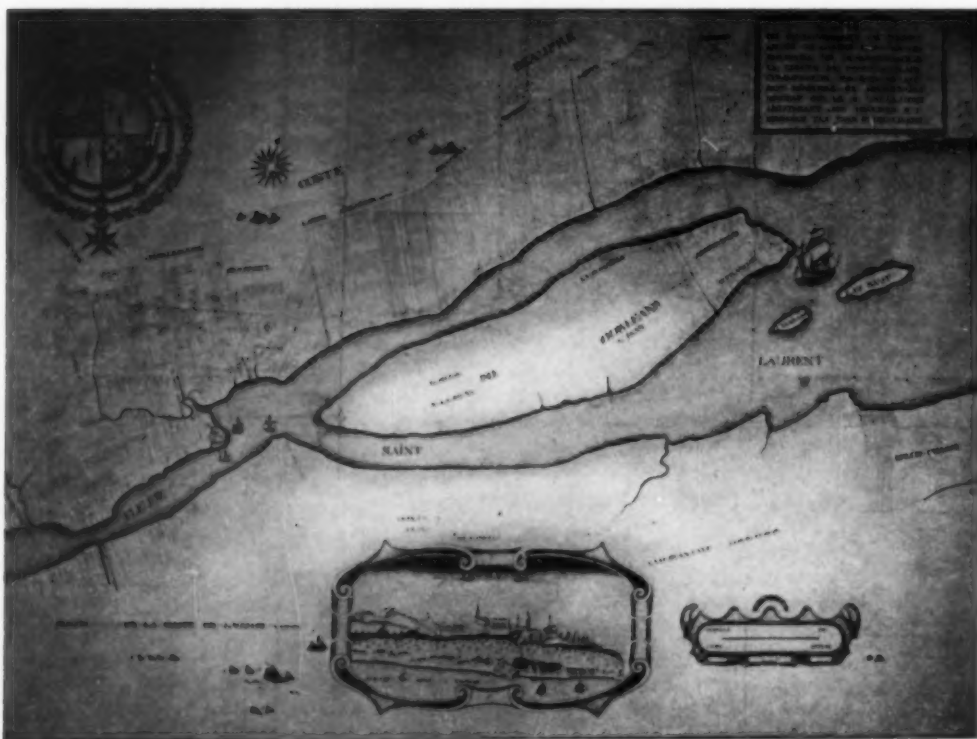
—"Why should you love me?" he asked. "I am only an Indian and an old man. You are a white woman and so young, like my grand-daughter."

—"I love you, Hurukay, because you are a saint — *l'exemple de ton village*. The Gates of Heaven I will open for you before the northern star dips to the edge of the sky."

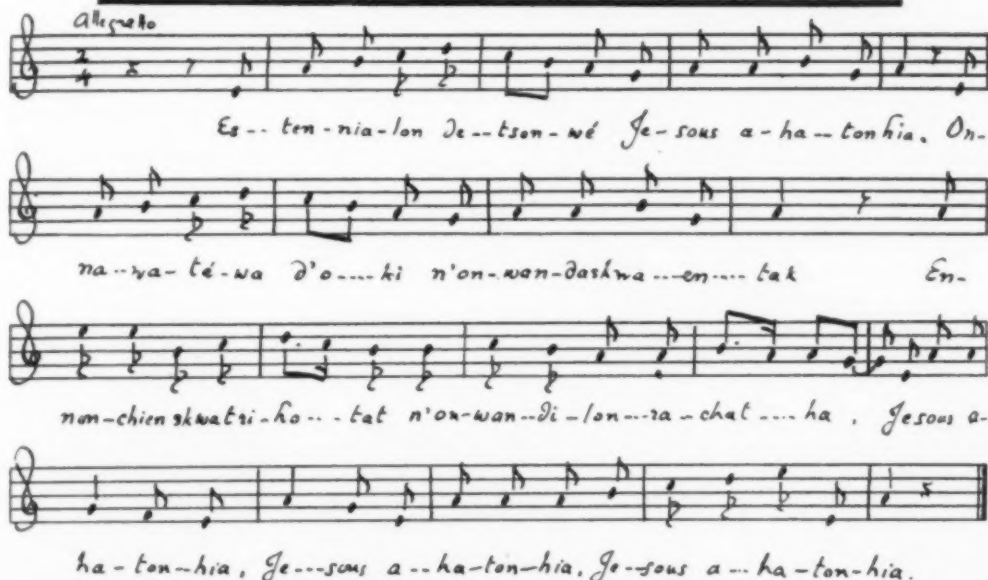
—"Then your words are true. For I know you now. You are Notre-Dame de Lorette, our patron saint. When I die, I hope to rest my head at your feet, in Heaven."

The blessed Virgin took the carved image from his arms and lifted it to her breast. It awakened. It was the Infant Jesus, with a nimbus of shining glory around his head. Both mother and child smiled at him, while he sat prostrate at their feet.

No sooner had the apparition vanished than, finding the wooden statuette in his lap, he ran up the hill in a trance, and arrived at the chapel in time to hear the bell toll its midnight call. *C'était la première messe de minuit*—the first midnight mass at the Huron mission of Lorette.



An early map of Quebec and surroundings, by Jean Ble. Decouagne in 1709. The location of Lorette is at the upper left corner.



An old French carol translated into the Huron language by Father Brébeuf about 1640 and still sung at Lorette.

The missionary and the chiefs knelt at the manger, near the altar, like the Magi Kings from the Orient, and sang their Christmas carol. Hurukay, falling to his knees, placed the little child in the empty cradle of straw, saying: "I found him under the Tree of Dreams." And the candle lights shone on his angelic face like stars. With the others he sang:

*Estennialon de tsonwe Jesous ahatonhia
Onnawatewa d'oki n'onwandaskwaentak
Ennonchien skwatrihotat n'onwandi-
lonrachatha*

Jesous ahatonhia.

But it was his last song. For he breathed his last while he knelt in adoration.

Hurukay was a saint, and his soul, took its flight to Heaven, where it still sings: 'Gloria in Excelsis!'

After his death other Indians sought the Tree of Dreams, where he had seen a miracle. They expected to find the grand lady there, with smiles like red berries, with eyes brighter than the Evening Star, and whose dress was white like lilies and trimmed with gold.

But their hearts were not pure, and the Tree of Dreams to them remained just a plain tree. Disappointed in having to go back as they had come, without a vision, they sneered:

—"Hurukay lied to us. What he had seen was only a deception—a white woman in disguise."

Otsatut, whose name means Wolverine, was one of the first to look for the tree, with his empty jug. Why empty?



Golden monstrance at the Lorette chapel. The inscription around the bottom is: *Claude Prevost antien eschevin de Paris et Elisabeth Le Gendre, sa femme m'ont donné pour servir à l'église des Pères Jésuites aux Trois-Rivières, l'an 1664.*

Because he wanted a miracle to fill it and keep it full forever. If the Lady of Dreams had awakened a carved doll for old Hurukay, surely she could bewitch his jug like the magic bottles he had heard of in folk tales.

—"If Hurukay's tree is of any use, I will dream like him of the fair temptress and will get my wish."

The Christians in his tribe gave him warning,

—"Your words are evil, brother. You may meet with bad luck, under the Tree of Dreams."

But he would heed no advice. Able to speak French—he was the tribal *truchement* (interpreter)—, he catered to the white people, and was shrewd like the Wolverine,—'Carcajou', whose name was his own. The 'Carcajou' is an uncanny fur-bearing animal—so strong for its size and so cunning that it outwits the hunters and is seldom caught in their traps.

People would say of Otsatut: 'cunning like the Evil One', and vain beyond words.

True to a boast he made at the village before he left, he sat up under the Tree of Dreams, one night, and began to smoke his clay pipe. Instead of praying to the Virgin, as Hurukay had done, he only thought of his nation. And his temptation was to drown his sorrow, if he could, in the water of forgetfulness.

Sober at the moment, he thought,

—"Evil . . . what evil?"

—"Pestilence and firewater? Or the bad winds that muddle the minds of my people."

"Ononthio, the French governor, sought our friendship in the beginning, for we were powerful. Our warriors were the terror of the Iroquois; their courage was undaunted. When our head-chief hit a tree with his stone maul, the leaves fell down and covered the ground. His arm was mighty! Our hunting grounds extended far to the west. The Great Lakes bear the names we gave them. But that is all a thing of the past. Our land here is only the size of our ancient villages, no more. It holds all that is left of our people—once numerous as the stars.

"Our ancestors were pagans. Before the black robes came to our country, we did not know God, only the Devil. That's what we are told. The Devil would not go away, even after the waters



A statuette of the Immaculate Conception. The Virgin crushing the head of the serpent. At the Charlesbourg church, next to Lorette. It is quite old.

of baptism washed the remnants of our nation. Like myself, he is a fallen angel! That's why the people say, *Otsatut and the Devil!*"

While Wolverine sat there, thinking only of himself and his fallen nation, the mountains to the north began to shake, in the darkness of night-time. The earth trembled, and the rumbling travelled towards him through the forest. The trees crashed down in every direction, and a body heavy as a large log plunged into the river, rending the rocks in its fall. Then everything was silent and frightful.

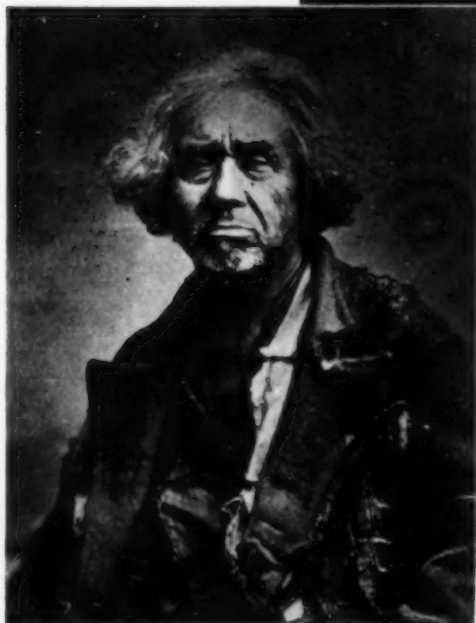
A flash of light blinded him. Yet he could see two eyes, large and full of fire, those of a nightmare. The head was like that of a horse with a flowing mane, high above the boiling water of the river. When the

At right:—Old Marie Robigaud (Grosblouis), the last Lorette Huron to wear the old fashioned costume and leggings. She died about fifteen years ago.

Below:—Old Teoriolin (Zacharie Vincent), the last of the Lorette Hurons to speak the native language. He died about fifty years ago. The half-breeds now all speak French.



Above:—Rev. Prosper Vincent, the only Huron ever ordained a priest. Over sixty ancient Huron songs were recorded by him, before his death in 1912.



monster shook it, sparks flew away like the crackling of burning pine. The scales on the body glittered in the firelight, scales of silver and scales of brass. The body was long, without legs, and coiled like that of a reptile. It was a serpent—the Great Serpent. Its mouth, wide open, was like a cave. Its teeth were spears; its tongue a red harpoon.

—"I hate the Huron race," the Serpent roared like thunder. "I hate it because it was baptized, and I curse it. It never shall grow in size, but dwindle instead. But I love you, Wolverine. I am your friend and I give you my blessing."

—"Thanks, many thanks!" answered Otsatut, his teeth chattering in his mouth. "But try and make your voice



*The Great Serpent appearing to Wolverine at the Tree of Dreams.
Drawn for this article by George Pepper, Toronto.*

not quite so loud. I am not deaf. Stand away a bit, please, that I may see you better. And who are you, dream or reality?"

—"I am your people's guardian spirit, their first master. When I am angry my voice is the thunder. The lightning is the flash from my eyelids, when they open; and the storm is my breath. I tear up lakes as I go by, and I dig up rivers. Look at the pit there, where I fell; it has turned into a waterfall. And the deep trench, is the trail I left as I passed."

—"Can't you do something for me? Please, soften your voice!"

—"I will!"

The Serpent scaled its voice down to a whisper, then changed it into a song like a bird's.

Recovering from his fright, Wolverine said,

—"The black-robe says that you, the guardian spirit of our forefathers, and the Devil, are the very same, that you hunt for human souls to capture. It was not to meet you that I came here to the Tree of Dreams, but the White Lady."

—"You surprise me, Wolverine. You are not the black-robe's favourite son, and the Virgin is not your patron saint. Listen to me! Spirit though I am and the enemy of the Christians, I love you and I will shower blessings upon you. For I am gentle as a rabbit to my friends."

—"Why then remain a serpent? You frighten me!"

—"Then it shall be for your pleasure!" the Serpent answered. "I will change *you* into a lizard, a toad, or a bullfrog."

—"You are much too kind! Let me stay as I was born. Could you not



The Falls at Lorette below which the Great Serpent was said to live in a cave. From the oil painting by Cornelius Krieghoff, painted in 1853, in the possession of Gustave Lanctôt of Ottawa.

turn into something else, less frightful?"

The Serpent answered, "I can be a white bear, a wolf, a puma or a rattlesnake, even a man like yourself."

—"Be a man then, and we can talk."

The monster vanished. A dwarf stood on the river bank in his stead, three feet high, a wicked smile curling his lips, and his eyes sparkling like a tiger's.

—"Now, listen to me!" the mannikin said.

—"Go on! Let's talk business!"

Wolverine answered, reassured.

—"You're lazy like a dunce. You won't work for a living."

—"You, too, preach to me, like the black-robe. Then the Devil is not what I thought."

—"Here is a purse full of gold. Tie it to your belt; it is yours. It's a witch-purse. It shall never be empty, much as you may draw from it."

—"There you are, a real prince, I swear upon my soul!"

—"You have not enough to cover your nakedness. Yet you are vain and would gladly don the costume of a marquis, a feather in his cap. Here then is silk and satin, wampum in bands for your belt, and strings of white wampum for your neck; silver bands for your arms, and bracelets for your wrists."

Like a chief you may call upon Onon-thio, the governor."

—"Good!" Wolverine agreed, sinking his hands into the rustling finery.

—"You are a drunkard. A riverful will never quench your thirst. Here is a bottle for you. It ever pours fire-water but remains full to the neck."

—"It is magic!" the Indian exclaimed, his hands forward, to grasp the marvel at last. "You are a great spirit!"



A rock with mystic engravings could still be seen, twenty years ago, at the edge of the Lorette cliffs. Two footmarks were supposed to represent those of the Little Dwarf of the legend, and the serpentine trail at their right, the trail of the Great Serpent, after it was exorcised.

—“The head chief refuses to give you his daughter to wife. For you are poor, lazy, and a rake.”

—“You flatter me!”

—“But as soon as he hears the sound of gold in your purse, he will change his mind.”

—“The black-robe wants to throw you out of the village. But beware! He does not know whom he has to deal with. Weasels I will send to his coop, rats and mice to his pantry. I will hold the witch’s sabbath on his roof every night, all the tomcats three miles around. Impossible for him to sleep!”

—“The best yet!” Wolverine acknowledged. “But tell me, what do you want for the purse, the bottle, the girl, and the rest of it?”

—“How can you pay me back, Otsatut? Are you so rich that you cannot make a choice?”

—“Are you so exacting . . . ?”

—“The payment is just a trifle, a thing you cannot dispose of to anybody else but me.”

—“What then, a vow to drink myself to death?”

—“It comes to the same, Otsatut! Have you not anything for sale you can remember?”

—“My soul? Oh! I never thought . . .”

—“Your soul! That’s the price. *Tope-la!*”

—“But,” Wolverine wondered, a bit unsettled, “where shall I sleep, the first night after my death?”

—“In my own heaven, my son! And you will need no blanket there.”

—“Is there any fire-water to slake a man’s thirst?”

—“Funny question! I have so many toppers with me that you can imagine the row if I did not keep them dead drunk all the time!”

—“What a jolly good place! Never too soon for me to go there!”

—“Wait a moment! Surely you will go there. But here is the catch: Should you repent, some day, when you grow old, and try to do me out of my reward, then you will find someone here to deal with you.”

Wolverine did not know what to say.

—“My new home shall be under the waterfall at your village, to remind you of our bargain,” the Dwarf concluded. “A soul for gold and for fire-water. A fair exchange! If you try to cheat me, I shall wring your neck and breathe



Lorette Indian village. The faint hollow at the centre of this street is attributed to the Great Serpent in its flight towards Lake St. Charles. It makes no difference whether the people fill it with gravel or not, it is always there.



*Mary McKee, a halfbreed Huron, when a girl.
(from an old daguerrotype)*



The same Mary McKee at 75, surrounded by her heirlooms; old elm bark vessels of her Huron ancestors. She died about fifteen years ago.



An old altar piece, carved, engraved and gilded, at the Huron chapel of Lorette. It goes back to the earliest period of wood carving in Canada. It represents, in the centre, the Virgin and Infant Jesus. It is about six feet wide.

revenge upon your village. Lorette shall stagnate like a frog's marsh, for a hundred years, two hundred, and . . ."

The Great Serpent spat into the St. Charles river, below the waterfalls, casting a spell:

—"The blood in the veins of the new generation shall be like a drop in this mountain stream."

He spat again, and vanished in a puff of grey smoke, leaving not even a foot-mark on the beach.

* * *

Wolverine's vision under the Tree of Dreams had come to an end. Dazed, he went back home that night, and awakened, a new man, the next morning.

What about the purse, the magic bottle . . . ?

They were there, in his lap, and that was the worst that could happen to him.

Wolverine, from that day, was the wealthiest man in his tribe, and a real live devil.



Infant Jesus, a wooden statuette of the early French period in Canada, still preserved at the Huron chapel of Lorette.

He gave Sagamitee feasts eight days long. Rum flowed as if out of a spring, and lust followed in its wake.

The old folk gossiped, as they always do. They whispered that Wolverine had dug up a treasure; there were treasures underground in those days; that he was a spy in British pay, that he fished with two lines in muddy waters; or that he had sold his soul to Satan.

All this chatter mattered little to him as long as the fun lasted, many years.

The missionaries could never stop the Lorette orgies. Brightly uniformed officers used to come from Quebec and hold court at Wolverine's. They would not go back to town till they had lost their cocked hats and their fine feathers . . . That's how not a few of their names, white men's names, became the property of some Lorette families,



A fine old embroidered altar piece, at the Lorette Huron chapel, about six feet wide.

and they are sterling good names too!

Lorette stood so near Quebec, only a few miles away. And Quebec was the seat of the mighty, till it fell to the British; and even afterwards.

The British officers were fond of Lorette, just like the French, and they were always welcome. Big guns were fired in their honour, they were made high chiefs, Indian names were bestowed upon them, The-Dawn-of-day, Crimson-sky and He-sails-on-the-Sky. But that is now all over with. Sweet-grass baskets, snowshoes and moc-casins are made instead; they are manufactured with machinery, in the modern style, and sold wholesale in the cities.

* * *

What happened to Wolverine in the end is of little consequence. The end of the story is never told. Maybe it has no ending. What is left for all to remember is that the

Great Serpent remained under the waterfalls for a hundred years or more.

Does it mean that Wolverine tricked the Evil One out of his due, that he repented his sin before his death and, absolved, died a good Christian?

We cannot be sure. If he lived long enough, he probably reformed.

Vieux, le diable s'est fait moine!

But he may have taken a short cut, for he was burning the candle at both ends.

The monster's prediction came true. Lorette's population has never grown, to this day. It ever remains the same. So it seems.

The Great Serpent was like pestilence. His breath polluted the houses of the people. So the Jesuits, one day, decided to get rid of him once for all.

How to do it was not an easy matter. But they knew how.

Exorcism! That was the only way. The priests exorcise caterpillars, locusts



Silver reliquary containing relics of the Virgin, presumably a gift of some patron of the mission. Its inscription is: *Chemise de Notre-Dame de Chartres, 1676.*

Photograph by Ramzay Traquair.

and every kind of pest. So the missionary declared one Sunday in the pulpit that he would exorcise the monster.

The men were ready to help the priest in his task, when he had his sacred vestments on, *chasuble, etole* and the rest. They held their guns loaded in their hands, to make things safe. And the women and children had to stay indoors, the shutters closed.

The men in procession stood at the edge of the falls, and the missionary blessed the waters, bade the Serpent move away before the sun was up.

The monster was loath to leave his cave, for it had enabled him to reap a rich harvest. But he must go! Whistling, he thrust his head out of the cave and blinded not a few Indians with fumes, mostly those whose sight was not so good. The priest recited prayers aloud, from a large book full of bright ribbons.

The Serpent could not hold his own against all those incantations. He had

to pack up and go. Crawling out of his den, he climbed the steep bank towards the church, slowly, oh so slowly! He wriggled his way up past the church, in front of it, following the lane to Hudson's Bay House, then beyond it to the north. And he left his track in the ground all the way to Lake Tantaray, now Lake St. Joseph, in the Laurentians, as you can see today.

Was that the end of the great monster of Lorette?

Not quite! For the Lorette folk will tell you that he is still seen in Lake St. Joseph, at times. Not only there, but in other lakes.

Also way out at sea. Has he not recently shown his foul head somewhere off Newfoundland?

Truly that is not the Lorette Serpent, the guardian spirit of the ancient Hurons!

Perhaps! You know best. But you will not make the Lorette half-breeds believe it. They are too glad he has moved away, at long last.



"Blind Joe's Wife," a woodcut by Pegi Nichol of Ottawa
By Courtesy of the Artist and of "The Seigneur."

The Rockies Versus the Alps

By FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE.

HOW can one describe the essential difference between the Rockies and the Alps? Superlatives are of little value. Our country being young, we are apt to defend ourselves against the imputation of a comparatively empty and featureless past by boasting of the "best" so-and-so, the "largest" this-or-that. Superlatives are in place only where things essentially alike are compared. Where things unlike are compared, they are out of place. Let us, then, define rather than boast. If the Rockies are merely Fifty Switzerlands Rolled into One, why should a European come to visit them, since Switzerland is amply large enough to accommodate all the travellers of Europe and those, by the way of America, Asia, Africa, Australia to boot? But, if we can show the Rockies to be unique among easily accessible mountain systems — as they are — then we have advanced a powerful and irrefutable argument to attract the European tourist.

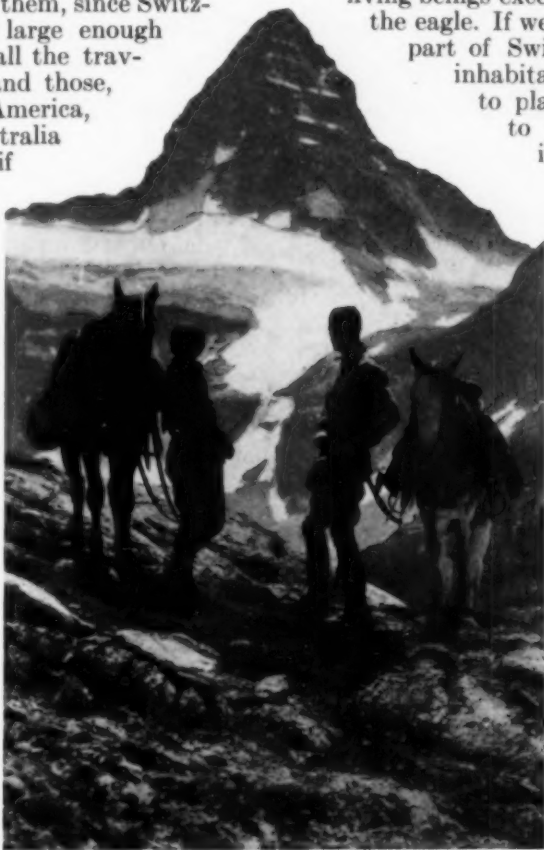
A certain lady of my acquaintance who has travelled widely said to me a year or two ago, "The Rockies oppress me; but I love Switzerland." She felt an essential difference though perhaps she could not have defined it.

Others who have seen both will react in the opposite way. I, in different moods, am attracted by one or the other.

Switzerland ranks, according to the density of its population, ninth among the countries of the world. Egypt and Belgium are among those which surpass it in this respect. But Egypt and Belgium are comparatively level countries; and consequently their population is fairly evenly distributed. Half of Switzerland consists of precipitous mountain slopes too steep to be inhabited by any living beings except the chamois and the eagle. If we consider only that part of Switzerland which is inhabitable, we shall have to place it, with regard to the density of its population,

among the two or three countries which rank first. That fact determines the character of the landscape just as surely as the streets of Winnipeg differ from those of a small prairie town.

The chief charm of Switzerland lies, even for the superficial observer, in the constant dovetailing of the human scene into the forbidding grandeur of nature. The chief charm of the Canadian Rockies lies in its almost total absence.



Mount Assiniboine, "the Matterhorn of the Rockies."
Courtesy C.P.R.



Davos, the famous Alpine valley, where Robert Louis Stevenson went to strengthen his weak lungs.

It is hardly necessary to enlarge on the fact that a number of great cities like Zurich, Lucerne, Berne, Basle, Geneva dot the more level spots. It might even seem superfluous to mention that the number of small towns—real mountain towns—is legion. Perhaps it would be more to the point to underline the fact that the population of these latter is a population of mountaineers—farmers of the nearby slopes and herdsmen and huntsmen of the remoter valleys who are at home in the villages only during the inactive season—whereas the Canadian of the Rockies would so far be indistinguishable from the plainsman of the prairies. This might be attributed to the length of time during which the Swiss have dwelt among their mountains; for the landscape has had time in Switzerland to mould, not only the character but the features and the bearing of the people as well. Don't judge them by immigrants; the mountaineer does not emigrate. I have, so far, not been able to find a characteristically mountain type of western Canadian; and this would be a distinct drawback for the Canadian mountains if the

human scene were predominant there: it is so in certain parts of the Cordillera to the south of our borders where the denser population, plainly Yankee in type, simply disturbs; it interferes with our enjoyment of the grandeur of the scenery because it is distinctly not assimilated by it. But since, in the Canadian Rockies, the town is a mere incident soon lost sight of in view of more important things, the cosmopolitan, unsettled, floating character of its population does not matter. As far as our settlers go, as far as the Yankee population of the mountain states to the south of our border goes, they have not yet—in contradistinction to our prairies—developed an "atmosphere"—a few more centuries are needed for that. If that be a weakness—and British tourists seem to think it so—it is merely the obverse of our strength.

Yet, in the present connection, all this would be irrelevant were it not for the fact that, if the landscape gradually reacts upon an anciently settled, indigenous population, this population also reacts fundamentally upon the landscape. That landscape of Switzerland—



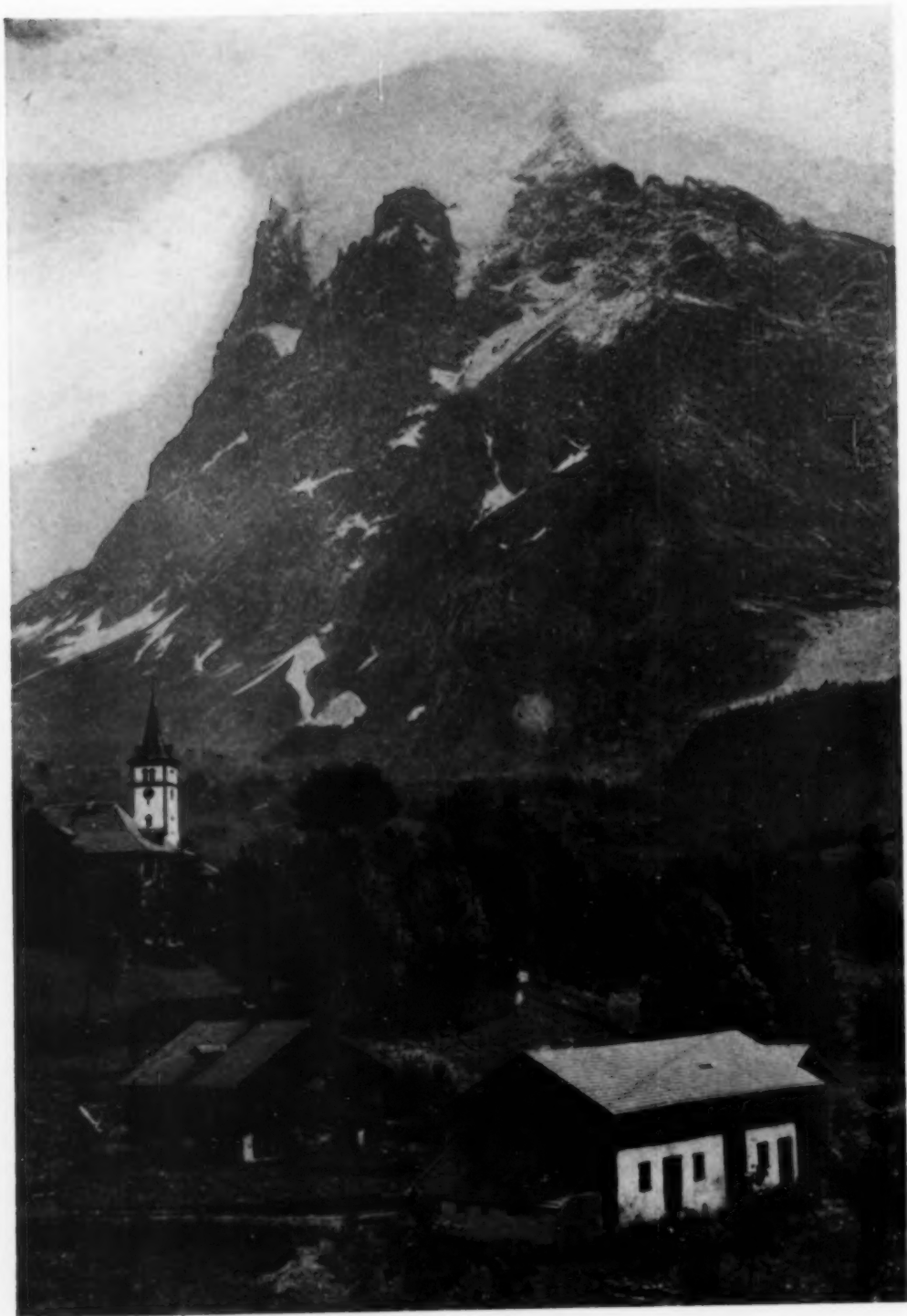
Mount Robson and Berg Lake, Jasper National Park.

the background of which, with its more or less inaccessible mountain heights, is essentially the same as the background of our Rockies—is, in the foreground of its valleys, radically different from the valleys of our continent.

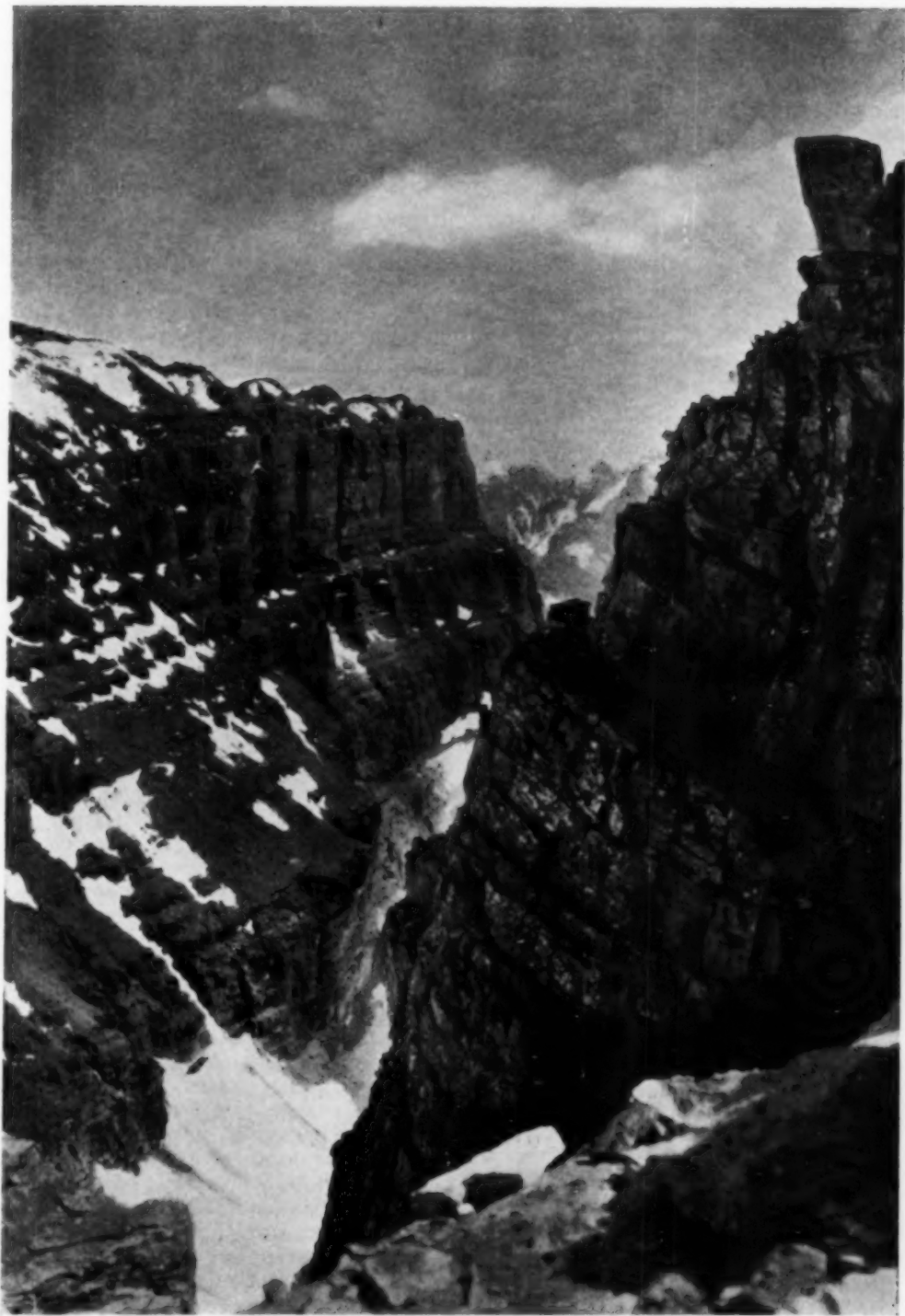
No matter where you go, whether into the French districts around Lake Geneva, or into the German districts around Lake Lucerne, or into the Italian districts around Lago Maggiore, to mention only three typical points widely differing from each other in details, you are struck by one thing which determines the impression the landscape makes on you: it drives home to you that man's life on earth wherever men congregate is a desperate fight against nature; that where communities settle and grow and multiply, community life will sooner or later press against the means of subsistence.

I am in this of course not speaking of the places where industrial life and tourist traffic gather into knots. Those we have in America as well. In fact, nothing is more striking than the contrast between the luxury, gaiety, lavishness, light-headedness of the

fashionable resorts and the sober, calculating, hard-headed, far-sighted thrift of the peasantry, whether it consist of the vine-growers of the valleys or of the herdsmen and huntsmen of the heights. The former may modify the aspect of some level spot by the erection of such "splendiferous" structures—to borrow a term from Haliburton—as some of the mountain resort hotels, but in a deeper view of things they are mere ephemerals, such as the testimonials of irresponsible wealth have always proved to be whether we find their traces in North America or on the shores of the Tyrrhenian Sea. Rome lies in ruins; but the peasant of the Abruzzi is the same to-day as at the time of the Caesars. It is the nameless men who wrest a living from a callous or even hostile nature who blend their work with that nature and whose work, for that very reason, persists. They have always done so, at all times, in all places, from the days of Abraham downward. They modify the landscape in a way which, though perhaps even less enduring in its small component details, yet, in its total effect, the details



The Wetterhorn and Grindelwald.



Mount President left, and Mount Marpole right, looking down into Emerald Pass. Mounts Hungabee and Deltaform in the distance. Yoho National Park.



St. Moritz, where figure skating and other winter sports are popular.

being forever renewed, has the aspect of things eternal. It is their work that we must turn to in order to understand why the Rockies are, in their impression upon us, so fundamentally different from the Alps.

Suppose we take for an illustration the confluence of a river and its tributary. In the Bow Valley we have a wide, almost majestic stream—its water greenish-blue, opaque with glacier milk, looking from a distance like a ribbon of malachite set in the sombre black-green of the forest of pines. Into it disembogues a quick-flowing, noisy brook, more transparent in its light blue-green, in colour like a mixture of emerald and sapphire. Its mouth forms a pebbly delta set with bare islands. All about stand breathless forest solitudes, with the mountains looking

down from above or pointing up. You sit and let this soak into you; you are alone with God. Perhaps you feel that the universe is coolly focusing a distant look at you; perhaps you want to hide and unobservedly peer into this world, half curious, half frightened, and altogether shy. Mountain sheep step down to the water edge to drink. A deer stands on a knoll, half hidden by trees. A bear romps down the mountain flank. Birds flit. A squirrel chatters. What are you? From overhead the great flood of light washes it all. If you are anything, you are one with nature. Whether you want to or not, if you are susceptible to this influence, you worship God. You are just an atom of life in the face of things infinite and mystical.

It is that feeling you experience when you go to the Rockies unless

you go because it is the fashion to go. You bathe in nature; you cleanse yourself from all things artificial and accidental. You go, to borrow a simile from mythology, to realise Pan; not to be thrilled by the throes of Prometheus.

In the Alps, it is exactly Prometheus, the titan who fought against fate and the gods whose work you go to see, wishing to be penetrated by his spirit. Pan is there, too; he lurks on the heights, in the background of things. If you are a mountain climber, you may find him there as here. Tyndall found him in the Alps; I did not. I always found the testimonies of the Promethean struggle. The Alps are maturer. The Rockies show me the eternal exuberance of youth; I am a child there, lost in a world of giants' playthings. The Alps make me face nature as I face a foe—quietly, soberly, as I face a foe whom I

must vanquish or perish myself.

Let us look at the confluence of two rivers in the Aar valley. To make clear what I mean, let me briefly sketch what nature built; then, what man made of it.

Where the impetuous Aar forges through its gorge, it does the same work as the Spray, it rolls pebbles and carries rock meal. Somewhere, from a cross valley, it receives a tributary whose bed widens out so that its pebbles come to rest and form a delta, with barren islands formed of rounded stones the size of a fist. In the interstices between these stones a whitish clay settles from the slower-flowing water till there is the semblance of a soil. Within a few years from that stage willow seedlings spring up, their roots bathed by the water trickling through the porous, yielding mass underneath.

At this stage man, ever-present, ever watching for a few square inches of dry land to put his foot on, took a hand. Wading into the stream, he piled walls of larger stones along the two upstream edges of the triangular island, taking the stones from the bed of the river and bringing them to a point which divided the down-rushing waters. Thus he created a pocket in which, during freshets, the flood which covered it all came to sudden rest and dropped its sediment. He helped nature along in her work of up-building out of the ruins that she had torn down. Then, when soil had collected in sufficient quantity to make it level with the highest freshets, man, still using the same method, reversed its effect. He built the wall solid and high, all about the island, excluding the water; and inside he began to cover the raw coarse

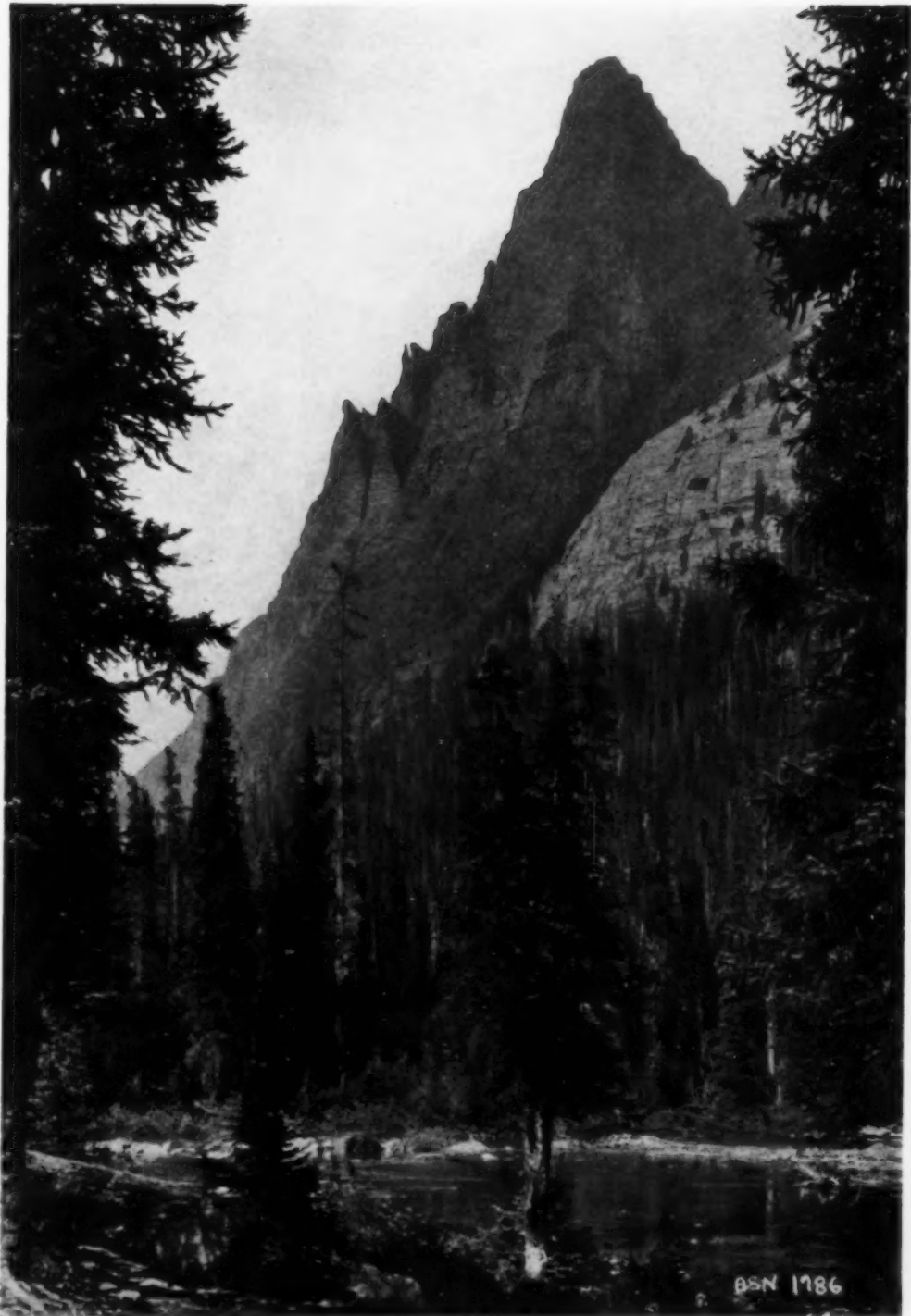


*A beautiful vista in the Rockies; Lake Louise.
Courtesy C.P.R.*

clay with finer earth, with humus which he brought on his back, in bags, wading the stream. This humus he did not take at random; he took it from one of two kinds of places: from such as abounded in humus so that a few bags would not be missed; or from such as held too little to yield a footing for even the smallest useful growth, little pockets of soil in the rock in which only so much collected each year; for by emptying these he again forced nature to replenish his supply by methods of her own; whereas, if he had left them filled, the new soil, washed down by rain and freshet, would have been carried away and scattered. Thus, slowly, through the foresight and labour of many generation, he built up a few square rods of highly productive land, protected from the destructive powers of the river by his wall; and to-day we find a



Curling at Grindelwald.



Wiwaxy Peaks, near Lake O'Hara, Yoho National Park.



Schwarzsee and Monte Rosa, in the borderland between Switzerland and Italy.

miniature vineyard there, in the midst of a roaring stream, conquered from the forces of the wild by a utilisation of the very forces of destruction.

Man's huts stand of course on the banks of the river; and the sloping flanks of the foothills which herald the mountains behind presented another problem. Wherever such acclivities were too steep to hold soil when denuded of trees, these trees were carefully preserved and protected, for their uses were manifold. They held the thin, loose, spongy soil with their roots; that soil held water, releasing it slowly and preventing sudden floods in the valleys after a rain, besides keeping up a steady supply of the precious fluid in times of drought; they protected the settlements at the foot of the slope

against the ravages of avalanches; they furnished lumber and fuel, only mature trees being cut of course; and lastly they yielded the wood for the domestic winter industries of the farmers, the making of toys, clock-cases, and similar articles.

But, to return to the landscape, wherever such acclivities were gentle enough to hold soil, or where, by the erection of low walls following their contours at successive levels, they could be induced to do so, they were cleared of their natural growth and the trees replaced by planted vines or fruit-trees or other crops grown on terraces sometimes too narrow to admit of cultivation by even a single horse.

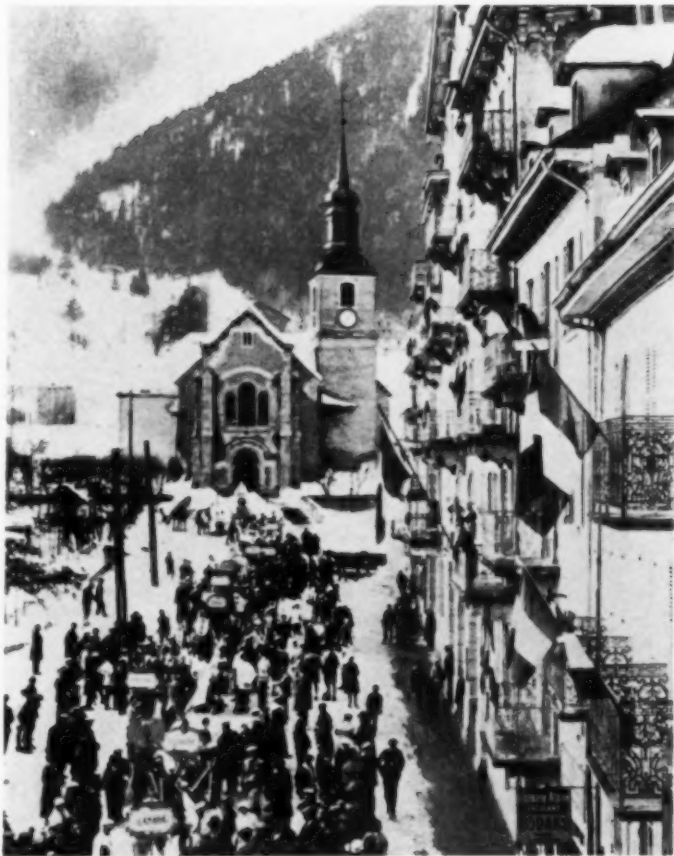
Still higher up the slopes, where elevation made the summer too short or too cold to permit of tillage in any form, above the timber line, where the great Alpine meadows stretch

—as in our side valleys, the valley of Vermilion River, for instance; the very word Alp, by the way, means meadow—man soon found that he could not stop if he wanted to provide food for all. He turned herdsman. It is one of the most striking experiences of the active traveller who climbs without resorting to, or at least without confining himself to the wild desolation of snow and ice, that he is nowhere in the Alps surrounded by silence; everywhere he hears the cow-bells—the “Kuhreigen” as the Swiss call their deep-throated, characteristic music. And every here and there in the apparent wilderness he comes upon the flimsy summer habitations of the herdsmen—the “chalets,” for such is the original meaning of this word so misused by our railroads. The

chalet is a striking and entirely indigenous structure. There are one or two rooms below, the milk or cheese room and the kitchen; and a loft above, filled with hay which furnishes beds. The only sitting room consists in the long, roofed-over balcony in front of the loft, often accessible by an outside stairway and furnished with a bench for its only furniture. Everywhere you see of course the big, dun-coloured cows so typical of the Swiss landscape.

If you travel in haying time, you will also meet the shepherds, going out in the morning with scythe and sickle to cut the fragrant Alpine grass of the hanging meadows; and at night you will see them descending the slopes with huge bundles of freshly cured hay wrapped in a canvas slung over their shoulders; they look like enormous mushrooms then, their bodies forming the stems and the bundles the tops. Mowing machine and horse-drawn rake are unknown, of course; they would be useless where this harvest is cut.

It is these ever-present signs of human habitation and human struggle for life which make the Swiss landscape so radically different from that of our Rockies. In places where the Herculean pioneer labour, under favouring circumstances, was entirely successful—so successful indeed that the necessary work did no longer absorb all human energies but left a surplus to be expended on the gratification of the highly developed artistic sense of the Swiss, as, for instance, in the cantons at the head of the north Italian lakes—landscapes have arisen, under the hand of the gardener, of such supreme loveli-



An international gathering at Chamonix. The City Hall is in the foreground.

ness that, to many a traveller, they seem all the more to be an approximation to an earthly paradise as the also ever-present background of snow-clad peaks never fails to remind him of the chaotic foundations of all life. In fact, it is this juxtaposition of man's work with that of nature which determines the impression the Alps make on the tourist: this dual character of nature as at once the benignant mother who supplies, if not what we want, yet what we have, and as the awesome goddess who permits our encroachments only on sufferance.

I once crossed the St. Gotthard pass in early spring, before the time-worn road was opened for traffic and when snow still filled the upper valleys to an astounding depth. I had been



Mount Athabaska and Saskatchewan ice field, Banff National Park.

warned that the pass was impassable at that season; but, being young, I was obstinate; and a mile or two from the saddle between the mountain peaks, in an apparently uninhabited and uninhabitable solitude, my strength gave out. With every step which I tried to take I sank in to above my hips; for the hard crust was thawing under a noon-day sun. At last I was reduced to the necessity of slowly and painfully crawling over treacherous bridges of snow underhollowed by the trickles of water which were rapidly being transformed into torrents by the spring thaws. But I was to find out that even here, in this wilderness and at this time of year, my progress had been watched through a telescope, by the people up there at the ancient hospice which occupies the great divide. When they saw that I was giving up, unable, from exhaustion, to proceed, they launched their dogs; and soon I was surrounded by a yelping, snapping, and seemingly dangerous multitude of the huge, powerful, and many-coloured quadrupeds. Whenever I lay still, one of them would advance, grip my clothes, below the

throat, and drag me for a distance of ten or twenty feet, himself going backwards. Whenever I moved, he let go, jumped back, and barked at me, laying his head on his paws and wagging his huge, bushy tail. When in this fashion, passively, I had, by slow degrees, covered the remaining interval to the summit, I was warmed and fed in the halls of the historical building, and finally dismissed with a blessing after having deposited a small gift in a slotted box near the door which was pointed out to me when I expressed a desire to pay, inadequately, for the services rendered. On the Italian slope of the pass the snow was gone; and, after five or six hours of vigorous marching, I slept that night at an inn which was surrounded once more by vineyards and young corn-fields, with the sweetest scents on earth, those of the jasmine, lulling my senses.

This suggests another factor ever-present to the traveller in the landscape of Switzerland, namely the factor of historical association. It is but natural that we have less of that in a country which, historically, is still in



The majestic valley of the Bow, at Banff, Alberta.

Courtesy C.P.R.



A characteristic Swiss village in the Alps.

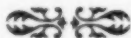


Trail Riders at Lake McArthur, Canadian Rockies. — Courtesy C. P. R.

its childhood. No matter where we go, of course, in some form or manner the past is with us; can we always justify that past? Ahead looms the future, pregnant with possibilities; it will be as great or small, as just or unjust as we, the living, have power and insight and vision to make it. Let him who is tired and saturated with the weariness of the ages stay away from our shores; but let him who dreams of true empire, and him who is strong to face the great labour of wresting a home from nature untamed—let him come and be welcome. If he becomes a true son of this country, even though an adopted son, he will not look with envy at older lands.

Ours is of necessity the spirit of youth; and such, also, is the spirit of our mountains.

I repeat, the Alps are one thing; the Rockies another; they can't be compared. And, after all, owing to the fact that the Alps have been visited ever since mountains have lost their terrors for man, they have been the most famous mountain system on earth; it ill becomes us to detract from its fame. Ours will be equally famous one day if we have the courage to proclaim of it only that excellence in which, among accessible mountain systems, it is and, we hope, will remain unique.



British Honduras

By C. NOËL WILDE

SOMEWHERE about the middle of the 17th Century, one Captain James was pursuing his buccaneering career off the Eastern Coast of Yucatan. He captured a Spanish vessel in hopes of treasure, but found to his great disgust that it was loaded with nothing but timber. Still, the vessel itself had a value, and he took it to London. Contrary to his usual custom, he did not throw overboard the cargo, but kept it to light the galley fires, and when he reached port he found that what was left sold at one hundred pounds sterling per ton.

Here was an enterprise which paid better than miscellaneous buccaneering, and with a lessened risk. The cargo consisted of logwood, and it is to this cargo that we owe the possession of British Honduras. Very soon, English ships were fitted out to prey solely upon the Spanish logwood trade; and almost as quickly special patrols were sent out by Spain to protect them. In course of time, it became easier to cut the logwood than steal it, and there developed a sort of combined industry—buccaneering, when opportunity offered, and logwood cutting when business was dull.

The area in which logwood was found extended from the Bay of Campechy to the Gulf of Honduras in the Caribbean Sea, comprising roughly the peninsula of Yucatan and the present territory of Quintana Roo. Even to-

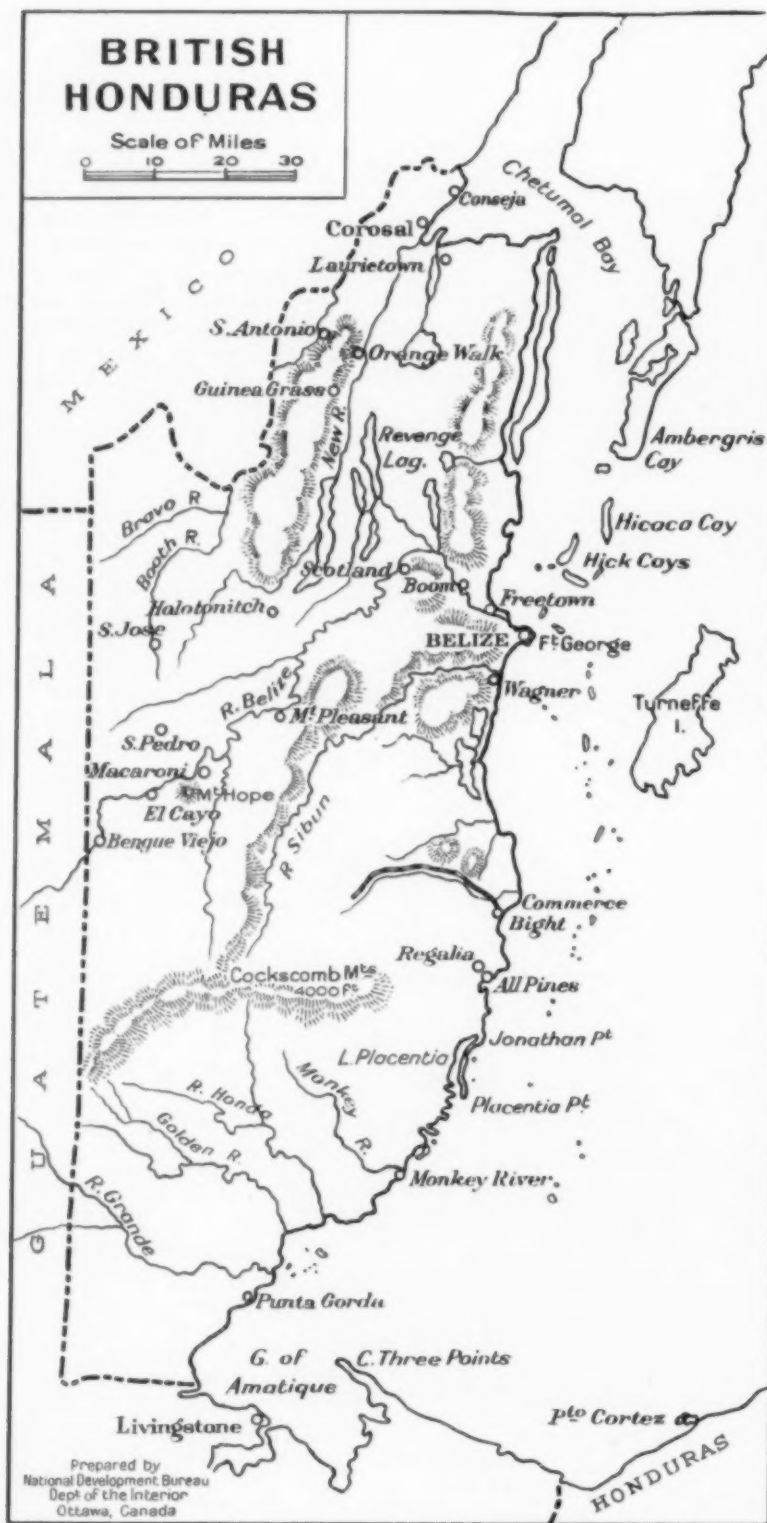
day, logwood forms an important article of commerce, and piles of it may be seen at many seaports in that district, awaiting loading for export. In the early days there were many famous men associated with the industry, for even the outstanding pirates, with a reputation to maintain in their chosen fields, did not disdain the service when greater adventure was not to hand.

Many efforts were made by the Spanish to expel the adventurers, and these were successful so far as Campechy was concerned. But Captain Wallis, a roving buccaneer on the Bay of Honduras, was a tougher nut to crack: he and his crew of 80 still stuck at the mouth of their river, protected by the shoals and "cays". In any case this part of the country had been deserted by the Spaniards as not affording sufficient treasure to make the effort of

holding it worth while. But Captain Wallis himself was remembered; he had become so famous that the Spaniards gave his name to the river, and to the settlement itself. Later, the surrounding country became known as "Wallis", or would have if such an outlandish name were pronounceable. The nearest that the Spanish tongue could compass was Valize, and as the Spanish V is indistinguishable from B, they ultimately called it "Belize"—still the name of the capital, the river, and until recently an alternative name for the colony itself.



One of the typical sailing boats which ply between Stann Creek and Belize.



For years the very existence of this English settlement was forgotten by Spain, but it was rediscovered in the early years of the 18 Century; during the interval it had increased both in size and prosperity. The logwood cutters who had been driven from Campechy and Yucatan had taken refuge here, and the Indians from the Mosquito Coast, ever loyal subjects of the British Crown, had also been attracted by the prospect of real wages paid for easy work.

Once discovered, it was not to be expected that Spain could lightly regard the presence of these interlopers. The governor of Yucatan received orders to expel them, and for that purpose he built a fort at Bacalar, a town which had been destroyed by the pirates many years before. His design was to attack the settlement by both land and sea, but it took him many years to make his preparations. In the meantime, the settlers got wind of his intentions; and believ-



Punta Gorda, a picturesque little town situated on the Bay of Honduras. About two hours from Puerto Barrios, Guatemala, it is the business centre for the sugar and wood cutting trades.

ing that the best means of defence is attack, they made a counter-expedition which after the first success was defeated. They retired to Belize and strengthened their position in expectation of another attack.

While these events were taking place, things were happening in England. She was becoming more wealthy; her taste was improving; houses were better built, and there arose a demand for furniture of a better kind. Curiously enough, it was the English craftsmen who were becoming the leaders in this new industry. New



Skinning a shark at Belize. Shark fins and skins are among the exports of British Honduras. The fins are esteemed delicacies by the Chinese, while the skins make a tough leather.

hardwoods had been discovered, and were becoming fashionable. More especially, mahogany was in great demand, and it happened that the logwood districts also produced the best mahogany in the world. Here was another asset of too great value to be abandoned. It was not now to be expected that the English settlers could be removed except by force of arms. Curious how a fashion in dining tables should give England a new colony!

We have now reached the year 1733. In 1739 war broke out between Spain and England,



The main street of Belize, a typical tropical town with wide streets and jalousied and verandahed houses.

and both countries were too busy in Europe to pay much attention to minor troubles in the Caribbean. Peace was declared in 1748, after which Spain made several efforts to dislodge the wood cutters without success, until in 1763 a treaty was signed which gave the English right of occupation, but forbade the erection of military forts. This concession, unfortunately, did not specify the limits within which the wood-cutters were to be confined. From the Spanish point of view, it merely gave liberty to trade; to the English, it meant concession of territory. Hence arose complications; the settlers, encouraged by the protection of their Government, gradually expanded their operations. The Governor of Yucatan, on the other hand, tried to prevent this expansion. In 1796 when Spain and England were again at war, he saw an opportunity of a final settlement of all differences. It was only in the spring of 1798 that he was fully prepared, and the result was the Battle of St. Georges Cay, the date of which is still celebrated as a national holiday in British Honduras, and forms on a

small scale one of those incredible incidents which have added lustre to the records of the Empire.

Briefly, the Captain General of Yucatan, Arturo O'Neil, prepared a fleet of 31 vessels, carrying 2500 troops and sailors, and sailed for Belize. Opposed to them were the sloop "Merlin" with 50 men, four small local vessels with 25 men each and seven rafts each with one nine-pounder gun and 25 men. This represents a force of 350 men, an additional 200 being in reserve.

On September 10th, 1798, nine of the Spanish vessels, each with from 12 to 20 guns and towing launches filled with soldiers, attacked St. George's Cay, while the remainder were kept in reserve. Close action started in the early afternoon, and in less than three hours resulted in an overwhelming victory for the English settlers.

Thus ended a dispute which had continued for 150 years; later, the limits of the English occupation were defined, and no serious effort was made to dispossess the wood-cutters of their territory. With the coming of inde-



The water front at Belize. The capital of the colony has a population of about 12,000 and occupies both banks of the main mouth of the Belize or Old River.

pendence of the Spanish American Colonies (from 1810 to 1821) the rights thus gained were confirmed, and British Honduras has since remained the most peaceful, as well as one of the most prosperous, areas of Central America.

It is a small territory, only 180 miles long, and 60 miles wide, which means that is only one four-hundredth the size of the Dominion of Canada. It occupies the eastern section of the peninsula of Yucatan, facing the Caribbean Sea to the East, between Mexico and Guatemala. Its population is less than 50,000, of which the great majority are Carib and Maya Indians. In the north the waters are shallow, gradually deepening towards the South. Lying off the coast, at varying distances, are the "Cays"—a line of coral islands, in some cases destitute of verdure, and in others with groves of coconuts or mangroves. Many form resorts where the tired business man can spend the week end. I remember one, only a few miles from the capital, which is nothing but a long stretch of silver sand, dotted with coconut palms. Here,

and in many similar places, it is possible to spend long lazy days, lying on one's back under a tropical sun, with the tide lapping at one's feet, "the world forgotten, by the world forgot."

For many years the colony enjoyed great prosperity; logwood was in demand, and mahogany sold at high prices. Moreover, it became a port of clearance for the neighbouring Central American Republics, distracted as they were with internal dissensions. But it was remote from the main lines of traffic, and was visited by few except those interested in its two chief exports. Neither did it develop new industries. The native worker was a woodsman, and a woodsman only. He had that contempt for agriculture or sedentary work which was a legacy from buccaneering days. The cultivation of the ground, or the establishment of manufactures, was beyond his ken. He was satisfied to do his work and remains unknown to the outer world. Logwood and mahogany were the be all and the end all of his life.



Another view of the water front at Belize, showing the government offices in the background.



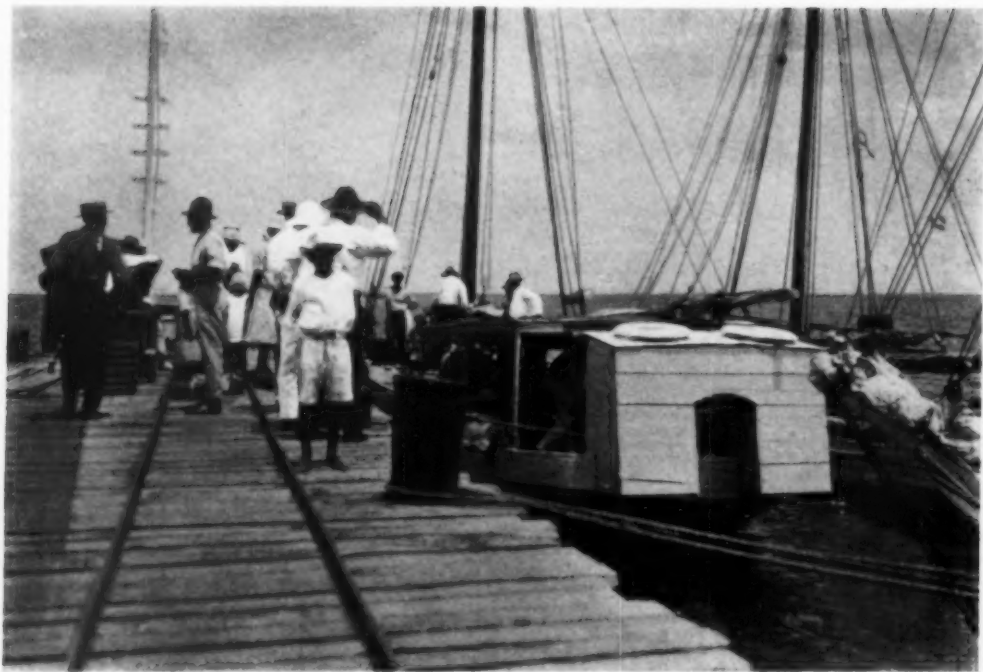
One of the few roads in the colony. British Honduras is one of the most backward of all the British possessions in the Caribbean. There are only about 100 miles of traffic roads in this colony of approximately 8500 square miles in area.



There are numerous "cays" or coral islets scattered along the coast, some of fairly large area, others mere atolls. The total area of these cays is estimated at about 160 square miles.



A typical scene on one of the cays. There is good fishing to be had off them and many are occupied during the hot months by people seeking relief from the heat of the mainland.



The pier at Stann Creek, a thriving agricultural centre about 35 miles south of Belize. Some of the best citrus crops grown in British Honduras come from this district.

More recently, a third industry has added to the prosperity of the colony. This is the extraction of "chicle", which is the raw material of the chewing gum of commerce. To-day British Honduras lives almost wholly on its trade in chewing gum and mahogany, with logwood, coconuts, and a little agriculture as side lines. And she still thinks, as far as the casual observer can see, mainly in terms of mahogany.

This situation, it must be admitted, is gradually changing. No man, and still more no country, can live to itself alone. With the decline in mahogany cutting and the lessened demand for logwood owing to the use of synthetic dyes, it is known that British Honduras must develop in other ways. There are a number of men in the colony who see this clearly and, looking forward to the future, are probing every possibility of progress.

Some there are who say with a sort of mournful pride, that it is now the most neglected—or the word used may have been "backward"—part of the British Empire. They point to the

progress of the African Colonies, and the intensive cultivation of the West Indies. They even compare their lot with that of Canada, which to them is the land of progress, and from this comparison they have developed a new ambition; they speak of a closer acquaintance with the Dominion whereby they will provide a place, under the British flag, where the Canadian may escape the rigours of his winter climate.

It must be admitted that Belize is not an up to date capital. It has fewer than 15,000 inhabitants and most of them are Carib Indians. It has no adequate water supply, no modern sewage system, and only an apology for electric lighting; it is built on a mangrove swamp, and its streets are only a foot above the level of the sea. Moreover, it has no skyscrapers, no street car or motor bus service, few moving picture houses and only the beginnings of a press. Neither can the hotels be called adequate; though there has been a decided improvement in this respect of recent years.



A typical street view in Belize. Many improvements have been made in the streets and houses since the disastrous hurricane which ruined the town a few years ago.

Nevertheless Belize has a fascination which no modern metropolis can possess. It gives an impression of singular beauty when approached from the sea—an impression of white houses embowered in tropical greenery, with the blue waters of the Caribbean in the foreground, where the little vessels used for local traffic rock idly on the dancing waves.

The impression is not altogether lost after one lands. It is claimed that Belize is the best painted town in the British Empire, and the claim is probably true. The little white timber houses are a positive delight to the visitor, especially when he comes to them fresh from the eternal adobe villages of Central America. There are few flowers, for salt water is only a foot from the surface of the soil, but there are green lawns where the eye can refresh itself, and clean, well-kept streets, and broad verandahs round the houses which cry aloud their *dolce far niente*. All in all it seems vaguely to be a slice of what England would be if England were translated to the tropics. There are even picket fences and "kissing

gates" which give a gentle sense of melancholy to the homesick expatriate.

One early morning, walking along the sea front at Punta Gorda, I paused a moment to watch some half dozen negro labourers putting in the foundations of a sea wall. One of them detached himself from the gang, and approached me with a few words of welcome, as an equal to an equal. After a brief chat, he said he had noticed I was a stranger and felt I might need help, which he offered on behalf of himself and his fellow workers in any manner I wished. A very small thing, but it happens frequently, and leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth.

Do you wish to make enquiries on any subject under the sun? Call upon anyone from the highest officials downwards, and all your problems are solved. If they cannot help you, they know who can, and will transfer you to him with only such delays as are needful to put you up at either or both of the local clubs, and see that the inner man is satisfied. This unfailing courtesy is characteristic of the colony.



A trail leading into the interior from Stann Creek.

The future progress of the Colony, apart from the tourist trade, is bound up with the development of its possibilities from the point of view of tropical agriculture. Already, coconuts and copra form an article of export; bananas have been grown for years, although the Panama disease has reduced production; sugar grows luxuriantly; pineapples are of the finest quality, and many other products have been the subject of experiment.

Probably the greatest opportunities are in connection with citrus fruits, more especially grape-fruit. Detailed investigation has been made during the past few years of the possibilities in this connection, and if half the reports are to be believed there are chances here which are illimitable. According to official records, the best place for the cultivation is the Stann Creek Valley.

Conceive a little Indian village, set on the sea coast in the midst of tropic verdure. There is little in the place itself to attract a visitor except its picturesque situation; there are no amusements. At the time I was there,

there was no hotel, although the native woman who was willing to board the casual stranger did her best for his comfort at 50 cents a day. From the town there is a railway, only a few miles in length, which gives a primitive substitute for transportation once or twice a week. It penetrates into the interior some 25 miles, threading its way through a jungle which is here and there broken by little patches of yams or bananas, the only sign of native industry. At long intervals there are a few acres of citrus fruits, which are the result of experiments conducted by the local pioneers. As one penetrates the country, the flat lands give way to rolling hills, forming the sides of the valley, which gradually narrows as one progresses. Then, suddenly, there appears the Government Experimental Station, with white buildings, and groves of grape fruit perfectly cultivated. It comes as a surprise and as a gem in a perfect setting. And it is here where it has been proved that the grape-fruit of the Stann Creek Valley is able to beat the world. There are only a few white settlers there at present—

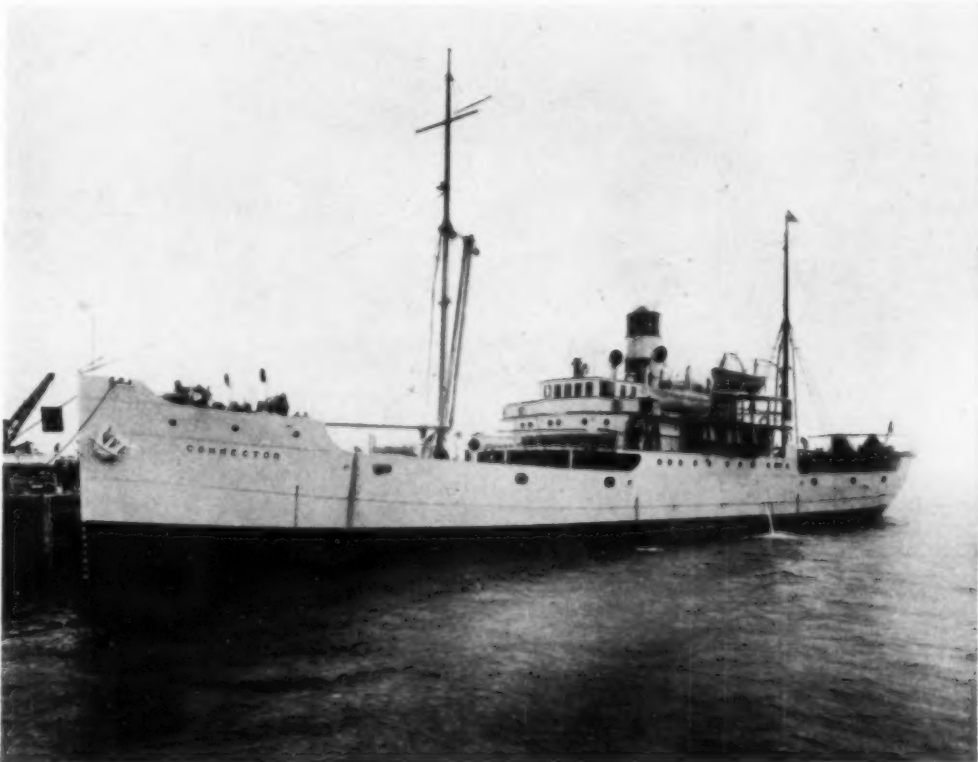
probably not half a dozen families, but they are all happy, for they feel that they are "on to a good thing" and know that in a few years they will be independent.

Apart from grape-fruit, however, there are other possibilities. All tropical products grow luxuriantly, yet even fresh vegetables are imported. Real development waits on transport, and the arrival of a population with the agricultural instinct.

In the meantime, there are other things to interest the stranger. The tropical sun (never too hot for comfort, though) is enough of itself, but add to this the bathing on the cays, where long stretches of silver sand await him; the hunting, and the incomparable trips into the interior up the rivers through the jungle. And, perhaps, best of all, the fishing—such fishing as the true fisherman dreams of in his thoughts

of Paradise. There are places which have become famous, such as the mouth of the Rio Panuco, on the Gulf of Mexico, where the tarpon calls for all that a man has of strength and patience. And on the coast of British Honduras the enterprising sportsman may have the privilege of hunting one of the most curious and least known animals, the manatee, an unwieldy mammal allied to the sea-cow and the dugong.

Finally the colony offers interesting possibilities to the archaeologist. The country is largely unexplored, but in the past few years remains of the Maya culture have been unearthed. This is the oldest civilisation in the North American continent and goes back at least two thousand years. Little is known of these cities, and few indeed visit them, but they form a fascinating subject of study, and much is still to be done in British Honduras.



A connecting link between Canada and British Honduras is provided by the S.S. Connector, whose port of registry is Montreal. This steamer plies between Kingston, Jamaica, and Belize, making connection with the steamship service from Canada to the West Indies.



The rocky sentinel cliffs of the English Channel, Land's End.

The Cornish Riviera

By CHARLES W. STOKES

Photographs by Courtesy of the Great Western Railway

TRANS-ATLANTIC voyageurs, grown a little weary even of the most luxurious of modern luxury liners, are generally all a-peer as the good ship begins to come into the wide entrance of the English Channel. Over on the north, somewhere on the horizon, looms Land's End—and Land's End means England. But few, somehow, ever appear to see it. It always seems night when one picks up England, so that all you see are the "coastwise lights" about which Kipling once wrote so poignantly. There may possibly be a streak of suppressed poetry in the steamship companies that they provide you, almost invariably, with this gratuitous thrill; on the other hand, this may possibly be due to the fact that the steamship company, timing the voyage to almost the nicety of a street-car run, prefers to land you next morning, and deliberately slows down the last few hours and compensates you by throwing in the romance of the coastwise lights.

All you see of Cornwall, which kicks out into the ocean what on a map looks like the booted and spurred heel of England, is therefore generally a succession of flashes that twinkle round with clockwork-like regularity. First, recognizable by its Morse-like double flash, is Bishop Rock in the Scillies; then, after some small ones, the Lizard Light, which every three seconds flashes its single electric beam, three million candle power strong, over a radius of 21 miles—the strongest light in the world! Awe-inspiring, indeed, is this welcome from the gaunt headlands of Cornwall!

But later on you will set out to see Cornwall in another way. You will take that most famous and comfortable of trains, the Cornish Riviera Express, which daily hums its way over the singing metals to England's "foreign country". I should not, of course, have said that; I should have said "to Cornwall, from that foreign country

England". Personally, so far as I, a comparative outsider, am concerned, they can have it either way. Berkshire, Wiltshire, Somerset and Devon, seen pleasantly on either side en route, all seem to me too delightful places to be branded as "foreign" until, a little west of Plymouth, you cross the River Tamar and are in Cornwall. But so the patriotic Cornishman has it, and behind him he has goodness knows how many thousands of years of history, reaching back to the Druids and possibly to the Assyrians, to support the tradition that England is "foreign." I am not even sure, incidentally, that in calling him a "Cornishman" I am using the right word; probably I am unconsciously committing one of those solecisms that one seems nowadays always to be running up against when speaking of Celts, or Gaels, such as the right or wrong place to use Scotch, Scottish or Scots.

"And shall Trelawny die?

Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why!"

He who essays the history of those Runic times, before Cornwall was joined to the remainder of Britain (from which, I gather after much reading, it was once separated physically as well as psychologically), has let himself in for much and rather heavy research. I got no farther, myself, than King Lear, who seems to have spent much time down there in the Duchy, and also, somehow, to be much more remote than King Arthur. King Arthur we certainly can assign to Cornwall; he lived at Tintagel, and left some ruins behind that legend calls his Castle. His kingdom of Lyonesse, however, has sunk out of sight; it lay, the more imaginative aver, west of Cornwall, and all that remains of its submerged realm are the hill-tops and chimneypots that now make up the group called the Scilly Islands.

These dim and distant monarchs, with whom we can include that other gloomy Shakespearian character Cym-



Lizard Point and lighthouse, a landmark well known to the shipping which throngs the English Channel. The light is the most powerful beacon in the world.

beline, carried the title of "King of Britain". Britain in those days—let such Scots who like gnash their teeth at this!—must certainly have meant England, for it is hard to conceive Cymbeline, or King Lear, or even Arthur exercising much jurisdiction north of the Tweed—or even north of Birmingham. In this we have one partial explanation of the foreignness of "England," for the real foreigners then were the Romans and the Saxons. They were the dago and square-head immigrants who—with no quota to regulate them—drove the true British back into Cornwall, Wales and Brittany. But no doubt before that, if the real truth were known, the so-called British had probably dealt similarly with some now forgotten race—perhaps the real Cornishmen,—whose lands they sequestered and whose legends they very likely swiped. When one comes to the dawn of history, there are few pots which can call kettles black.

However, there was once a Cornish language. The last person who spoke it, Mrs. Dolly Pentreath, died in 1777;

but it is known to philologists. It left behind some extraordinary place-names, of which Cornwall has enough to stock up for life the average novelist who wants to be "different". They are robust, musical names, full of the cadence of a sea-faring folk. Marazion, Looe, Polperro, Porthpean, Mevagissey, Tresco—these are some of the hundreds of non-English words that strew the map. If you have ever been to Newfoundland, you will recall that that great island, largely settled by West Country people, is full of a similar geography that sings like a gusty harp. It might be remarked in passing, and without prejudice, that King Arthur seems, for a King of Britain who was presumably very much "at outs" with the "foreigners," to have surrounded himself with a remarkable number of French people with names like Guinevere, Lancelot and Elaine.

Cornwall, however much its people may object, is a part of England now, but it has its own Duke, who has several times visited Canada. He generally, on those voyages, travels incognito as the



Almost tropical in appearance are the palms and vegetation in the Abbey ruins at Tresco, Scilly Isles.

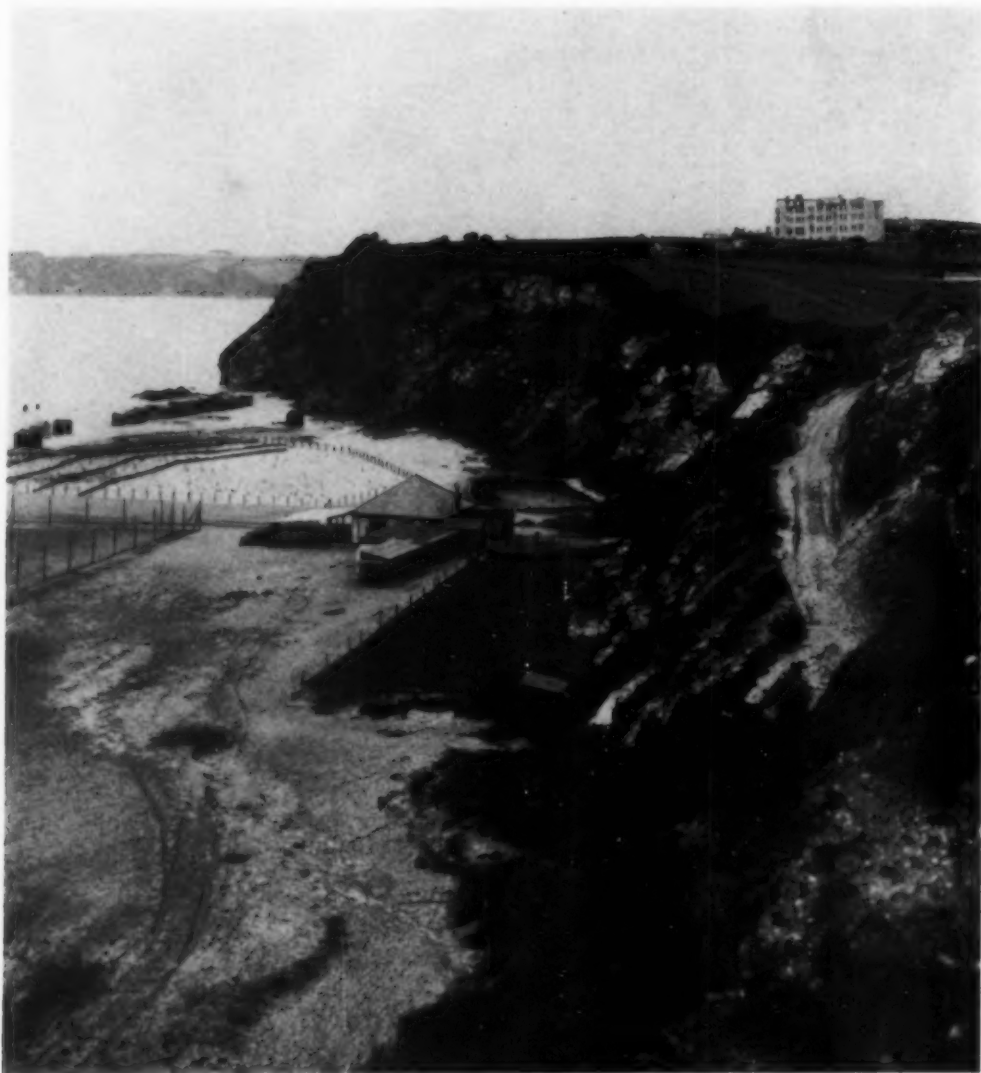
Prince of Wales. The Duchy of Cornwall is, of course, something to be very proud of. Its double coast-line, its endless display of rocky headlands and half-moon bays, and its soft climate make it the land of sea faring folk, and especially, somehow, of fishing folk. The relentless war which they wage against the sea has developed the grave face, so characteristic, in its dignity, of the Cornish fisherman—a face that you will see often delineated in the pictures of the "Newlyn School." The county is a blend of windy moorlands, prehistoric menhirs and dolmens, sparkling river glens, mines that go back to the Phoenicians, and gardens that flourish with orange and myrtle, palm and vine.

It is this floral and sub-tropical luxuriance that led someone sometime (probably a run-down Saxon or Norman) to fix the happy name upon the Duchy of "the Cornish Riviera." Especially in recent years has this coastline become the haunt of the sun-worshippers whom the winter fogs drive out of "England." With their coming, many charming, sleepy old towns which seemed destined

to suffer the fate of euthanasia, and never wake up, came to life, and began to hang out the shingle of welcome. Golden sands began to echo to the laughter of children, and back amongst the tin-mines and the local Stonehenges the whang of the golf ball in flight began to be heard.

Not that Cornwall has been "modernized." Nothing probably will ever do that, any more than it ever would the Gaspé Coast. But two boarding houses grew where only one existed before, and better and brighter boarding houses at that. So Cornwall awoke from the long doze into which it fell about the time that smuggling became an indictable offence and wrecking considered not gentlemanly. In the Scilly Islands, which were rapidly heading for the casual ward, a new industry—growing early spring flowers for the London market—rejuvenated the descendants of Lyonesse.

I would like, if I can, to take you to some of the towns of Cornwall—not in any logical or geographical order, but as they occur to me. First and foremost, to me at least, is the good



Carlyon Bay, near St. Austell, brings to mind Tristan and Isolde, of Arthurian legend.

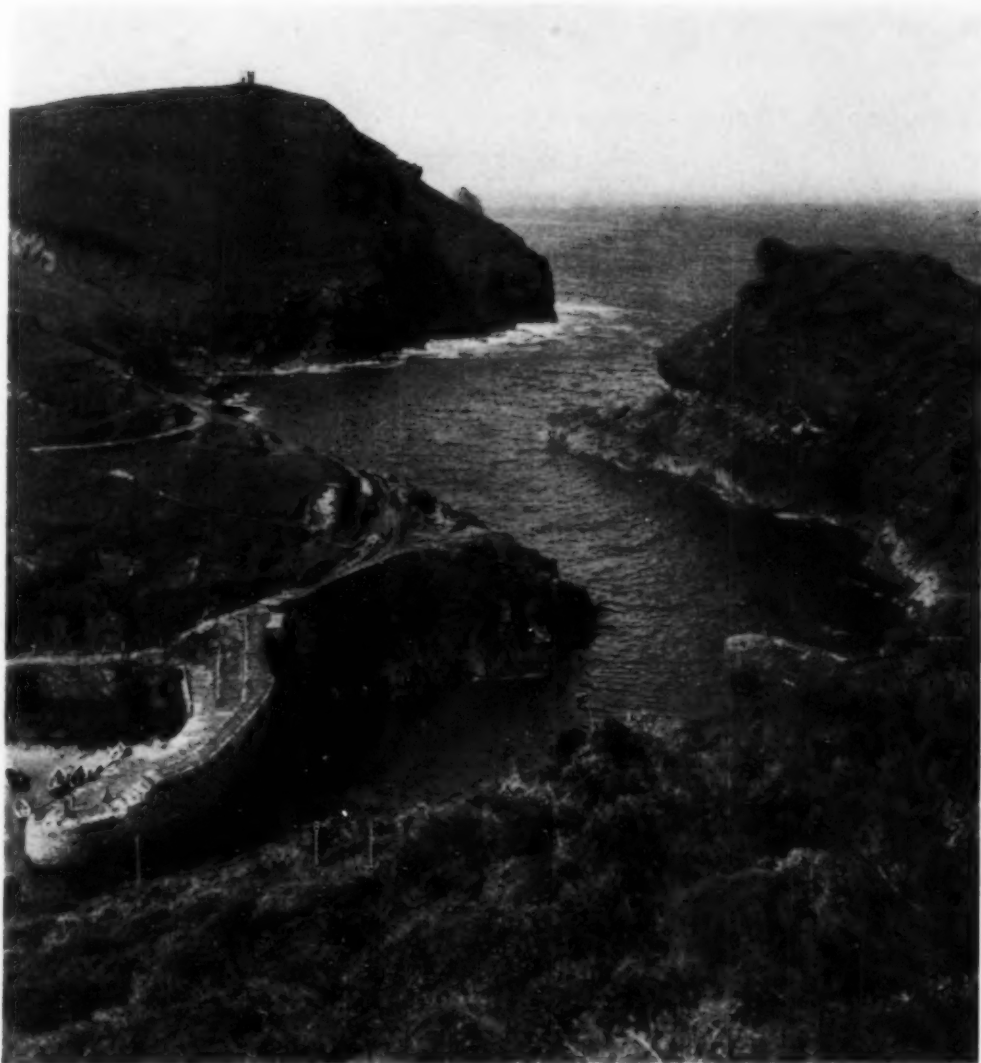
old town of St. Ives, which is that most fortunate of places, a town made famous by a nursery rhyme, which means the kind of undying publicity that not even the highest-pressure publicity man can create.

"As I was going to St. Ives

I met a man with seven wives . . ."

But was this the St. Ives? My own researches, as laborious as Mr. Pickwick's speculations into the source of the Hampstead Ponds, have failed to find any supporting evidence that it

was not some other St. Ives. So the mystery, remains, as teasing as the answer to the rhyme itself. St. Ives, which lies so snugly in its richly wooded hollow, in the midst of wild, lonely uplands, that it bursts upon you suddenly, is very old, and very quaint. It was the favorite landing place of the many Celtic saints who came over from Ireland to convert the Cornishmen—so much so that by the fifth Century it was to Cornwall very much what Quebec was to 17th century Canada.



The narrow, winding entrance to the harbour at Boscastle.

The older portion of the town is built on the sides of a gently shelving cliff around the ancient harbour. Its houses are as picturesque as they are curious; the lower story is (or was) almost invariably used as stables or storage, and outside steps lead to the upper stories. Sometimes a shadowy archway takes the place of the ground floor, and a narrow lane plunges through to seek the sea. The newer houses are to be found on the cliff top overlooking the two great bathing beaches, Porthminster and Porthmeor.

St. Ives has many old customs. On the Monday following Quinquagesima Sunday, for example, all the village boys named Tom, Will and John play against the boys with other names at a game called hurling—a kind of Rugby without kicking the ball. Another is the celebration round the monument of John Knill, an 18th Century mayor, who by his will decreed that every five years, on St. James's Day, ten girls under 14 years of age, dressed in white and accompanied by a fiddler and two widows, should dance for one-and-a-



The town of Looe, which has preserved the placid leisuriness of a hundred years ago.



Porthminster Beach, St. Ives: the newer section of a town with many old traditions.



Fowey, a harbour thronged with yachts. This town is noted as the "Troy" of Sir Arthur Quiller Couch's romances.



An old world atmosphere remains in Bodinnick Village, across the river from Fowey.



Helston, home of the "Furry" or Floral Dance, an old annual local folk dance.

quarter hours at least. As they do so, they sing the Hundredth Psalm and a song adjuring all virgins to fly St. Ives and its voluptuous pleasures. The next celebration, I believe, takes place in 1936.

Helston, which lies in the crop of the Lizard peninsula, is another place with a queer folk-dance. On or about the May 8th each year, its inhabitants give up the whole day to the Furry or Floral Dance. First of all decking themselves with garlands, they dance through the streets in couples, in at the front door and out at the back door, of such houses as take their fancy!

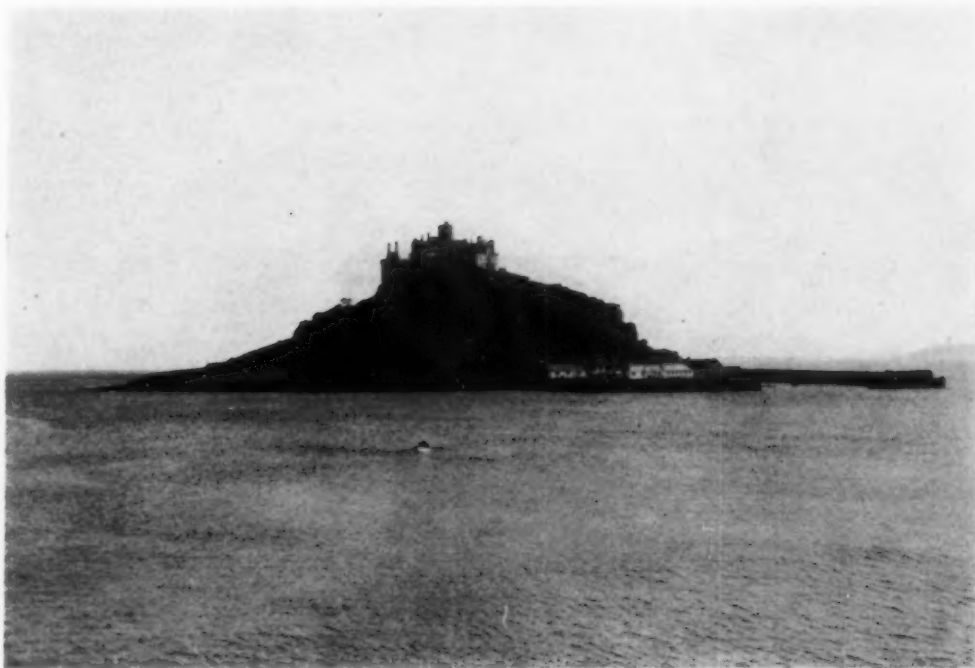
Fowey is the next point to claim us. This favourite corner of the southern shore is the "Troy" of Sir Arthur Quiller Couch's romances. At this point an interjection might be made that modern literature has done well by Cornwall—not only as a locale but as a residence. Amongst the many names, prominently identified with the Duchy, that might be mentioned are Quiller Couch, Baring Gould (who wrote "Onward, Christian Soldiers"), Hugh Walpole, Compton Mackenzie, and

Hawker of Morwenstow, who wrote the famous "Trelawny" poem but palmed it off as an ancient ballad.

It would be difficult to find any seaport—especially a small seaport—more fascinating than Fowey. One can see at a glance that it is ancient, and realize its quaint beauty. Narrow streets wander up hill and down with the utmost aimlessness, with flights of steps to help you over the really steep places. The stirring history of Fowey, much of which "Q" has transplanted to his books, reflect the fact that its people have been the boldest and frequently the most lawless fighters and seamen since the earliest times.

Closely linked with Fowey is the picturesque village of Bodinnick, across the river.

Not very far from Fowey, as the seagull flies across the bay, is Looe, or rather The Looes, for there are twin towns East and West, rather like some of our remote Nova Scotia villages. This is the place for one to go who is curious what life was like in a small English town a hundred years ago! These tiny twins have managed to



The imposing pile of St. Michael's Mount, called "the most faery-like of all British castles," dominates Mount's Bay, where Penzance is situated.

preserve just that air of placid, leisurely cheerfulness which characterized, say, "Cranford." It is not so much that they are ancient, for though the nucleus of East Looe is a maze of narrow, cobbled streets and gabled houses, there are actually more new bungalows than old buildings; rather that the whole atmosphere is of that unhurried ease that nowadays we not only go so far to seek but usually, when we find, we commercialize. As, for example, in New England.

Looe River runs through a narrow gorge which in spring-time is covered with a pink mist of apple-blossom. The two towns, linked by a many-arched bridge, cling precariously to the hillsides. But be careful of your behaviour, for Looe still preserves its pillory and stocks!

And now for Penzance, which might be called the capital of the Cornish Riviera, and which dominates the ample waters of Mount's Bay. This is England's "railhead." The never-failing loveliness of Mount's Bay, the quiet charm of Penzance itself, and the beauty of its sub-tropical flowers make Penzance a really unusual town. It has a climate

that throughout the winter is very mild; its Morrab Gardens have been compared with those of Algiers.

The culminating point of Mount's Bay is St. Michael's Mount, which Mr. S. P. B. Mais, one of Cornwall's geographers, well calls "the most faery-like of all British castles." It is a vast crag rising above the sea, surmounted by a pinnacled castle and with a village at its base cut off at high tide from the mainland at about half a mile. In ancient days the Mount became holy as the haunt of hermits; later it became a Benedictine Abbey. After a chequered career it passed into the possession of Lord St. Levan.

Penzance has a veritable riot of surrounding villages, strewn with the mystic names to which reference has already been made. There are Marazion—which has nothing at all to do with the Jews—Mousehole, St. Just, Sennen, and St. Buryan. It is an easy walk from Penzance—itsself a very busy fishing centre, plying a big trade, especially in pilchards and mackerel—to that other famous fishing village, Newlyn. Newlyn is the adopted home



Truro, the county capital of Cornwall, is dominated by its stately cathedral.

of many well-known artists, who have formed a colony that eventually evolved itself into a very pronounced "school." Most of the "primitives" of fishing life come from Newlyn.

Or from Penzance you can take a motor-bus out to Land's End, and stare across the great, unquiet expanse that stretches away to America. There are many delightful little coast villages, such as Sennen and St. Buryan, that can be visited en route. Their cottages have low-thatched eaves, under which the brightly painted doorways and windows peer out, giving a quaint impression that they are shaking with suppressed laughter at the visitor. The surrounding uplands are carpeted with wild flowers throughout the year, growing to an enormous size.

From Penzance, too, you can take steamer across to the Scilly Islands, which lie, very much like a burst of pinpricks, about 40 miles out in the bosom of the Atlantic. There are about 300 of these islets, but only five are inhabited. The largest are St. Mary's, which is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, and Tresco. Legend has it, as has been said before,

that these islands are the remains of Lyonesse. Sir Walter Besant, who wrote a glowingly-enthusiastic topographical novel, "Armored of Lyonesse," made them the haunt of still older kings. Tresco has a lovely Abbey, whose ruins are overgrown with palm trees.

The county capital of Cornwall is Truro, an old and quiet town with a stately cathedral. But all its buildings are modern. Falmouth is younger still—the youngest town, probably, in the Duchy. But it is indisputably one of the loveliest. The deep blue lagoons of the Fal estuary penetrate far inland through a countryside of a softness rarely associated with the rather austere grandeur of the coast.

Three hundred years ago the hillside on which Falmouth now rises in terraces was the haunt of sea-birds, with the deserted waterway guarded by the grim castles of St. Mawes and Pendennis, built by Henry VIII. It was not until the 17th century that the Killigrews re-established the town, which under the Restoration adopted its modern name. From then it has developed with an amazing rapidity. Now it is one of



Newquay, from the harbour, a very popular watering place, with glorious sands and cave-riddled cliffs.

the most popular resorts in the Cornish Riviera—pleasant and well-planned, with very little industry other than the visitor.

Newquay, on the other side of the Cornish peninsula, is another modern resort. It is that rare and almost lovely thing—a large and popular sea-shore centre without a “parade.” Glorious sands there are in plenty, and great cave-riddled cliffs, but no attempt has been made to tame down its beauty with concrete paths and iron railings. The invigorating climate of Newquay is due to its commanding position on the cliff tops, high above the sea. At high tide each beach is reached by its own cliff path, but at low tide the splendid sands sweep in an unbroken crescent for miles on either side.

We can follow along this northern coast-line, which forms the beginning of the Bristol Channel. Padstow is of real antiquity—so real that although it was once a harbour its river is now silted up with sand. We read in the chronicle that it “sent two ships to the Siege of Calais;” evidently the coast towns of these days all had to furnish their

quota! It, too, has an old Cornish custom, described by Mr. Mais. “Every May-day the natives parade a ‘horse’ and a man, each wearing a devilish-looking mask, and sing the Padstow May-songs to commemorate the fact that during the Siege of Calais the ‘Hobby Horse’ stood on Stepper Point to terrorise the enemy, who mistook it for the Devil. On the horse’s cap the letters O. B. are inscribed.”

And then we can go on to Boscastle and Tintagel. The quaint little village of Tintagel and the hoary old church set on a headland, so exposed that its grave stones have to be propped up against the fury of winter storms, would attract visitors to any neighborhood, quite apart from King Arthur’s Castle. These remains are slight. Short springy green turf, patterned with sea-pinks, carpets the floors now, and a shallow depression marks the site of the famous Great Hall, which was destroyed when the poet Chaucer was a child. Only a crumbling line of grey stones marks the outline of the castle. But if you are gifted with a powerful imagination, you can re-construct the whole building,



King Arthur's Castle at Tintagel. Only a crumbling line of grey stones marks the castle which is associated with the legendary hero of chivalry.

and see in your mind's eye at least that great company of knights, poets and magicians which no doubt existed in a kind of nucleus form, but to which Malory and Tennyson probably added—and who, one conjectures, were no more different from, nor in advance of, other men and women of their time than, say, the Ku-Klux-Klan to-day.

Tintagel, naturally, has its golf course now—two of them. It has its hotels with dance floors, and garage, and telephones. But why not?

Farther on still is Bude, one of the most popular of North Cornwall resorts, and pre-eminently the place for surf-bathers. It has, they say, but little history—only 300 years of it, which for Cornwall is but yesterday! The coastline, though, is magnificent. Inland, one can make some beautiful rambles, and two places that lovers of literature will probably explore are Morwenstowe, home of the poet-vicar Hawker of "Trelawny" fame, and the ancient manor-house of Tonacombe, where Charles Kingsley wrote "Wesward Ho!" Most fascinating excursion of all is to

Clovelly—but of that lovely spot I dare not write, because it is in England.

Many other places there are whereof one could write. There are St. Austell, Launceston, and Bodmin, the assize town of the Duchy, where a few stones mark the site of a Priory founded by Athelstan. There is Camborne, centre of the tin-mining industry—which latter, incidentally, is the oldest industry of Great Britain. There are Kynance Cove, that peerless Bay near the Lizard, Polperro, once the home of privateers.

Those interested in the Arthurian tradition will find relics of it at many places. Camelford, for example, is said to be Camelot, and Porthscatho has a castle supposed to have been the home of that doughty knight Geraint. It is only an earthwork now. At Carlyon Bay, Tristan and Isolde lived and loved, and near Liskeard is an eerie pool into which Sir Belvidere flung the magic sword Excalibur.

Next time you are sailing up the English Channel, and the Lizard Light flashes at you, make a resolve to come and see Cornwall for yourself!



Polperro, a ruggedly situated fishing village.



Summerleaze Beach at Bude, one of the most popular of the North Cornwall resorts.

Editor's Note Book

Our Contributors

The leading article in this number, with its appropriate Christmas atmosphere, is by Mr Marius Barbeau, whose intimate knowledge and attractive style have marked several previous articles in the *Journal*.

Frederick Philip Grove, who draws an interesting contrast between the Rockies and the Alps, has an intimate acquaintance with both. He is even better known as the author of *Search for America* and several other penetrating studies, in the form of fiction, of life in this continent.

Charles W. Stokes, a well-known Canadian journalist in London, describes the Cornish Riviera, with its fascinating combination of cliff and sea, its atmosphere of other days when smugglers and ships from the seven seas haunted the harbours of Cornwall, and the unusual characteristics of its people.

The article on British Honduras, that little colony in Central America from which most of the world's chicle (for chewing gum) is obtained, as well as mahogany and other valuable woods, was prepared by the late C. Noël Wilde, for some years Canadian Trade Commissioner in Mexico.

In Retrospect

With this number the *Journal* completes its seventh volume, and it may be worth while to glance back through the twenty-six hundred odd pages of text and see how far we have measured up to the standard set up at the beginning. That standard was a high one. The main purpose of the *Journal* was, and is, to give people a more just and accurate understanding of the aesthetic and economic resources of Canada, so far as these might be recognized as falling within the wide boundaries of Geography. Our ambition was to publish articles that would combine accurate information with a readable style, and to illustrate them with pictures that would be both attractive and capable of telling their own story. The *Journal* was to be

devoted mainly to articles about Canada, because it was felt that so much remained to be told, but we also thought it desirable to include in each number an article on some subject outside the Dominion, on the broad principle that intelligent Canadians would not wish to confine their interest to their own country.

The first broad conclusion one reaches, after surveying these seven volumes, is that we have not yet been able to do more than scratch the surface. Before the magazine was launched upon its voyage, the Editor had compiled lists of subjects that it would be worth while to deal with from time to time, such as the stories of important discovery, voyages to the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of Canada, the exploration of the interior, and of the far north; pioneer enterprises and early settlement; the founding and development of Canadian cities; the development of transportation by land, water and air; Canadian lakes, rivers, mountains; our national parks and the innumerable undeveloped regions appealing to the sportsman and lover of the outdoors; economic resources and development in the fields of agriculture, fisheries, minerals, timber, furs and water-power. Each of these divisions offers subject-matter for articles that would fill such a magazine as the *Journal* for years to come. There is nothing discouraging in the fact that in four years we have accomplished so little. It was not to be expected that we would do otherwise. The point for consideration is, has the material that has been published been worth while?

In the seven volumes one finds articles on some aspect of the discoveries of Jacques Cartier, Etienne Brulé, Lahontan, John Cabot and LaVérendrye; on the Peace River country, the Mormon settlement in southern Alberta, Colonization in Quebec, Foreign settlements on the Prairies, and the development of handicrafts; on the cities of Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Halifax, St John, Charlottetown, Winnipeg, Vancouver, etc.; on the Welland Ship Canal,

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Ontario's route to the sea, air travel in the far north, the Trans-Canada airway, the Hudson Bay Railway and the "Royal William"; on the St Lawrence river, the Ottawa, the Mackenzie, the St John, the islands of Anticosti, Magdalen, Sable, Orleans and in the Strait of Georgia, the Rocky Mountains; on several of the national parks, parts of the north country and of northern Ontario; on wheat, timber, salmon fisheries, asbestos, the fur trade, the Beauharnois Power Works, the Trail Smelters, lumbering, seal fisheries, bituminous sands of Alberta, and on grain elevators and the grain trade; and, outside Canada, on subjects in Newfoundland, the West Indies, Australia, New Zealand, India, South Africa, the British Isles, Japan, South America, France and Spain.

Among our contributors have been such well-known Canadians as Marius Barbeau, Dr F. G. Banting, Dr H. P. Biggar, Major L. T. Burwash, William Arthur Deacon, Ernest Fosbery, Diamond Jenness, Raymond Knister, Stephen Leacock, Rodolphe Lemieux, Madge Macbeth, Senator McLennan, Archibald MacMechan, General Panet, A. E. Persild, Theodore Roberts, B. K. Sandwell, J. Dewey Soper, P. A. Taverner, Dr R. C. Wallace, Cora Hind, Colonel William Wood, Robert J. C. Stead, D. C. Harvey, and among outside contributors, Sir Francis Young-husband, Sir Hubert Wilkins, and Sir Wilfred Grenfell.

The *Journal* has been travelling through stormy waters for a year or more, but these same stormy waters have buffeted most other human institutions. We have not won through unscathed, but the important fact is that we have won through, and at last one seems to see a glimmer of daylight. There is room for improvement in the *Journal*; there will always be room for improvement. Every member of the Canadian Geographical Society can help the Editor to make this magazine — our magazine — more worthy of the ideals that surrounded its birth.

A cumulative index covering the complete contents of the *Journal* from volumes I to VII, has been prepared and copies may be obtained on application to the publication office.



INDIA

TOURIST: "Is that a genuine antique?"

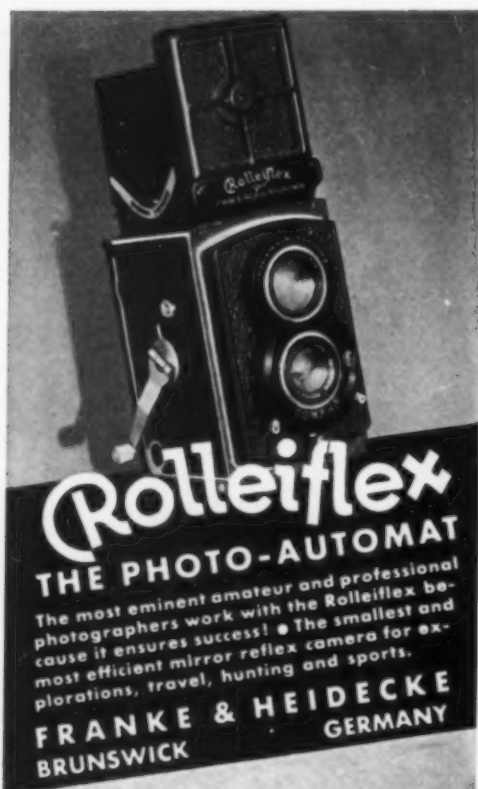
JOHNNIE WALKER: "Yes—it is over one hundred years old—
So am I."**JOHNNIE WALKER**

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Travel - Adventure - Recreation

A Winter's Night in Nova Scotia

Sam Slick the Clockmaker had occasion to spend a night in an inn in Annapolis. This is as much as can be told here of his experience: "After a while the old lady showed me to my chamber, and there was a fire in it: but oh! my sakes, how cold! it was like going down into a well in summer — it made my blood fairly thicken ag'in. Well, I sot over the fire a space, and gathered up the little bits o' brands and kindlin wood, and then I ondressed and made a desperate jump right into the cold bed, with only half clothes enough on it for such weather, and wrapped up all the clothes around me. Well, I thought I should have died. The frost was in the sheets, — and my breath looked like the steam from a boilin' tea-kettle, and it settled right down on the quilt, and froze into white hoar. The nails in the house cracked like a gun with a wet wad, — they went

SURVEY



EXPLORATION



PHOTOGRAPHY



TRANSPORT

MAIL by dog team meant months of isolation.

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off like thunder, and now and then you'd hear some one run along ever so fast, as if he couldn't shew his nose to it for one minit, and the snow creakin' and crumplin' onder his feet, like a new shoe with a stiff sole to it. The fire wouldn't blaze no longer, and only gave up a blue smoke, and the glass in the winder looked all fuzzy with the frost. Thinks I, I'll freeze to death to a sartainty. Well, I got considerable narvous like, and I kept awake near about all night, tremblin' and shakin' like ague. My teeth fairly chattered ag'in; first I rubbed one foot ag'in tother, — then I doubled all up in a heap, and then rubbed all over with my hands. Oh! it was dismal, you may depend; — at last I began to nod and doze, and fancy I seed a flock of sheep atakin a split for it over a wall, and tried to count' em, one by one, and couldn't; and then I'd start up, and then nod ag'in. I felt it acomin' all over, in spite of all I could do; and thinks I, it aint so everlastin' long to daylight now; I'll try it any how — I'll be darned if I don't — so here goes."



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Amongst the New Books

On Ancient Central-Asian Tracks. By
Sir Aurel Stein. Toronto: MacMillan
Company of Canada. 1933. \$9.50.

There has been occasion from time to time to review in these columns several authoritative books on Central Asia, but none approached in importance this voluminous and splendidly-illustrated work by Sir Aurel Stein. Into these pages he condenses the results of three important expeditions into the very heart of the ancient continent, the official reports upon which fill eleven heavy quarto volumes. It would be difficult to say if the book is of more interest and importance from a geographical or an archaeological point of view. As an example of the former one may mention the chapter of the Ancient Route across the dried-up Lop Sea, and of the latter that on the Cave Shrines of the Thousand Buddhas. The book is enriched with nearly 150 illustrations, many in colour.

* * *

John McLean's Notes of a Twenty-five Years' Service in the Hudson's Bay Territory. Edited by W. S. Wallace. Toronto: The Champlain Society. 1932.

John McLean's book was published originally in two volumes in 1849. Mr Wallace, in this new edition, has added a Biographical Introduction, in which he has brought together all that could be gleaned about the life of the old fur-trader, both before and after the period of his service with the Hudson's Bay Company. Characteristically enough, the latter years of this wanderer in the wilderness were spent for the most part in the quiet town of Guelph, Ontario, and in the still more quiet and altogether charming Elora. As John McLean's book had long been out of print, and as it is of considerable interest and importance both from a geographical and an historical point of view. Mr. Wallace was happily inspired when he decided to prepare a new edition. It need hardly be said that in its new form the book is of much more use and value to students than as it was before.

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The Villages of England. By A. K. Wickham. London: B. T. Batsford. 1933. 12/6.

Little Known England. By Harold D. Eberlein. London: B. T. Batsford. 1930. 12/6.

England the Unknown Isle. By Paul Cohen-Portheim. London: Duckworth. 1932. 8/6.

Walking in the Lake District. By H. H. Symonds. London: Alexander Maclehose & Co. 1933. 7/6.

Cornwall and the Cornish. By A. K. Hamilton Jenkin. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons. 1933. \$2.

The reviewer is equally impressed with the number of books published on the English countryside, and their generally excellent quality. When one looks at the rows upon rows of books on this subject in any of the larger public libraries, it seems impossible that anything more that was worth saying could be said, and yet each of these five books is well worth reading, even by one familiar with the particular phase of the matter dealt with in it. Mr Wickham's delightfully illustrated book is a companion volume to Basil Oliver's "Cottages of England", and discusses the characteristics of English villages in the various counties from Berkshire to Yorkshire. In "Little Known England" Mr Eberlein takes the reader to parts of the Welsh Borderland, the Cotswolds, the Chalk Hills and the Eastern Counties generally overlooked by the tourist. "England the Unknown Isle" is a clever and entertaining account of the impressions of a Continental traveller, ranging from the climate to the theatre and the press. To those who have not lost the art, walking is the ideal way of getting about the Lake District, as Mr Symonds has proved conclusively in his very readable book. Incidentally, to those who know anything about the glaciers of the Rockies it will be interesting to learn here to the effect of ancient glaciers on the mountains of the Lake District. "Cornwall and the Cornish" is a companion book to the author's "Cornish Seafarers" and "The Cornish Miner", and is packed with fascinating stuff about Elizabethan times, miracle plays, old roads, coaches and packhorses, cock-fighting and bull-baiting, fox-hunting, parsons cheapjacks and showmen, fishermen's taboos, ghosts and haunted houses.



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A Message from the President
To Members of
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As this year fast draws to a close, we can look back with satisfaction on the affairs of our Society during its span. Your enthusiastic support has been most gratifying and though the past year has not been easy, our organ, the CANADIAN GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL, has maintained its position of eminence amongst Canadian publications. You and I may therefore look forward with confidence to new progress in 1934.

While our immediate object is the extension of the usefulness of the JOURNAL we must remember that we are members of a national society which looks forward to the development of other and, perhaps, equally important ways of best serving the interests of the Dominion. I therefore renew my appeal to you to regard yourself as a missionary for the Canadian Geographical Society, and to spare no effort to build up its membership among your friends. The more members we have, the better JOURNAL we can produce, and the larger will become our opportunities of national usefulness in other directions.

Many members have taken advantage of the Christmas season to assist in the extension of the JOURNAL'S service, by the presentation of memberships to their friends as Christmas gifts. To these members I express my appreciation and also recommend the suggestion to others as a pleasant way of both expressing goodwill and arousing the interest of your friends in the Canadian Geographical Society.

I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Charles Camsell

President,
The Canadian Geographical Society.

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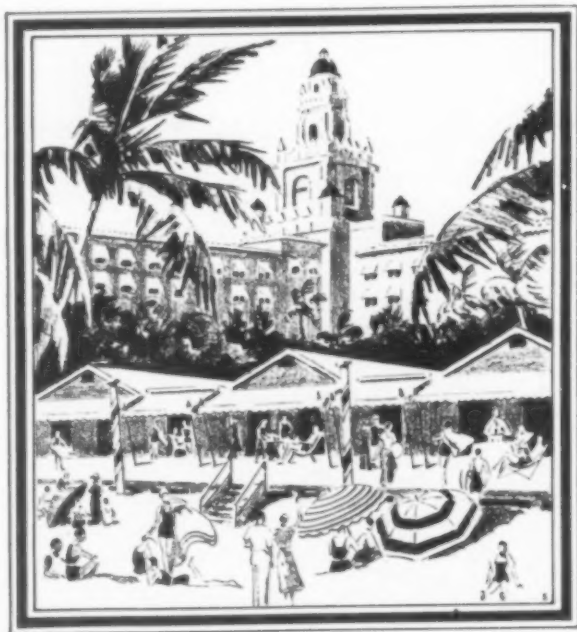
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